

APRIL 1921

35¢

SHADOWLAND





Hope Hampton, Lovely Screen Star

OWES MUCH OF THE BEAUTY OF HER COIFFURE
TO HER *Bonnie-B* HAIR NET

Everybody admires Hope Hampton's beautiful hair and the artistically simple way in which it is dressed. But few people—except her friends—know that she always protects her mass of loosely waved, red-gold hair with a *Bonnie-B* Imported Hair Net.

If you have never worn a *Bonnie-B* Hair Net you cannot imagine what a joy it is. It makes your hair appear thicker and fluffier—keeps the straggling ends in place and takes the terror out of windy and rainy days. And it's absolutely invisible.

Bonnie-B Hair Nets are hand-made, from long, unbroken strands of finest human hair. Twice inspected and sterilized. Wonderfully elastic and delicate as your own hair. Guaranteed to wear three times longer than any other. With each *Bonnie-B* Hair Net you will receive a booklet showing how to dress your hair in the newest modes.

At all Drug and Department Stores
15c; two-for-25c; white or gray 25c

Bonnie-B

IMPORTED
HUMAN HAIR NET

The *Bonnie-B* Co., Inc., 222 Fourth Ave.
New York

From Paris
has come the *Bonnie-B* Veil
"Just Slip It On!"

The most becoming Veils you ever wore. Delicate, yet durable silken meshes with a slender elastic run through the edge. No tying—no pinning—no knots. Myriad enchanting designs in chenille and silk embroidery.

A splendid Veil
for motorizing—
it clings so snugly.

10c
15c
25c
50c



Vel-Va-Dab

—the new *Bonnie-B* Powder Puff is exquisitely soft and delicate. Made of the finest lamb's wool and an entirely new quality of velour. Holds the powder and spreads it evenly. You can use both sides of Vel-Va-Dab—it is made with a ribbon loop instead of a band.

At the better Drug
and Department
Stores.

10c
up



Through the Ages

with Father Time



Galileo's Pendulum:

PAINTED FOR FATHER TIME BY HUGH BARKIN

SWINGING from the lofty dome of the ancient cathedral at Pisa, Italy, hangs a massive bronze lamp.

Watch it sway, as Galileo and Marina watched it three hundred years ago, and you may notice a peculiar thing: the *distance* of its swing varies, but the *time* remains the same.

Countless eyes had idly gazed at it, but Galileo's were first to read its secret—the principle of isochronism, or "equal time." The seventeen-year-old philosopher had discovered the *law of the Pendulum*!

Sixty years later, hopelessly blind, he thought out its practical application to clock work, afterwards adapted to pocket watches in the form of the "pendulum balance."

American watch owners owe a debt of gratitude to Italy. For the "pendulum balance," or balance wheel, is a prime factor in the precision of those timekeeping marvels of our day—

Material, construction, adjustments and service fully covered by Elgin Guarantee



Elgin Watches



The Magic Key to the Screen!

The Fame and Fortune Contest of 1921

ARE you young? Are you pretty? Can you act? Have you personality? Do you photograph well?

If you possess all these qualifications, you are exactly what we are looking for. If you have not all, but a combination of two or more, your chances for a screen career are good.

The new contest is in full swing and every number of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND carries portraits of those who have won the Honor Roll, any of whom may be among the winners at the close of the contest.

People Say Opportunity Knocks But Once

But in the Fame and Fortune Contest it knocks twelve times a year in every one of our three publications, and as it knocks it holds out to you the key that will magically open the door to the silversheet! While others strive in vain for admittance, our winners walk in already crowned with success.

Fill Out the Coupon Below At Once

FAME AND FORTUNE CONTEST SHADOWLAND ENTRANCE COUPON

Name
Address
Street
City
State
Previous stage or screen experience in detail, if any:
.....
When born.....
Blonde or Brunette.....
Weight..... Height.....
(This coupon, or a similar one of your own making, must be secured to the back of each photo submitted.)

Others Have Won! Why Not You?

Winners of the Fame and Fortune Contest
of 1919 of 1920 of 1921

Anetha Getwell
Blanche McGarrett
Virginia Fair
Anita Booth

Corliss Palmer
Allene Ray
Beth Logan
Helen DeWitt
Mary Astor
Erminie Gagnon
Dorothy Taylor
Ruth Higgins



The following conditions of the contest should be carefully observed:

No photographs will be returned.
Coupons must be pasted on the back of photographs.
Do not send snapshots or postcards.
Letters are not desired, but if sent should accompany portraits.
Those wishing replies should enclose self-addressed stamped envelopes.
Do not send tinted portraits.
Address letters and photographs to Contest Manager.

Warning!

Contestants whose names have appeared on the Honor Roll of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, CLASSIC or SHADOWLAND are strongly advised not to communicate with any person who writes promising a place in pictures or a contract with a producing company. These letters are usually frauds and should be ignored.

Have You Sent Your Photograph?

If not, send it now, and be assured that it will receive careful consideration. At the close of the contest there will be a deluge of photographs. If you send yours now, you will escape this confusion.

Two years' publicity having been guaranteed the winners of our contests for the past two years, their names will be found in each of our three publications, also frequent interviews and portraits.



VOLUME IV

Expressing the Arts

SHADOWLAND

The Magazine of Magazines

APRIL, 1921



NUMBER 2

Important Features in this Issue:

THE MOVIES IN MOVEMENT *W. L. George*
The first of a series of two remarkable articles on motion pictures by the distinguished novelist

REMY DE GOURMONT: CIVILIZATION'S
EPILOGUE *Benjamin de Casseres*
Something of the man who was the herald of France and who was Parisian culture incarnate

AN APPEAL TO GEORGE M. COHAN
. *Walter Prichard Eaton*
Discussing the need of an intimate music hall of the type once exemplified by Weber and Fields

GLIMPSES OF JAPANESE GARDENS
. *Oliver M. Saylor*
How glens, grottos and pools of the Orient are trained to serve as out-door salons

NEW YORK THEATER CLUBS
. *Louis Raymond Reid*
The interesting history of the various organizations of the drama in Manhattan

THE MAJAS OF GOYA *Sherril Schell*
A colorful study of the Spanish painter and his work

REFLECTIONS OF A GENTLE CYNIC
. *Lisa Ysaye Tarleau*
Another whimsical essay, "In the Department Store"

Interviews with Holbrook Blinn, Lilyan Tashman and Mitzi

Departments devoted to the Drama, Fashion and Beauty

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, Inc.

SHADOWLAND

Published monthly by Brewster Publications, Inc., a New York Corporation with its principal offices at 177 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Eugene V. Brewster, President and Editor-in-Chief; Eleanor V. V. Brewster, Treasurer; E. M. Heinemann, Secretary.

Frederick James Smith, Managing Editor

Subscription \$3.50 a year, in advance, including postage in the U. S., Cuba, Mexico and Philippines; in Canada, \$4.00 a year; in foreign countries, \$4.50. Single copies, 35 cents. Postage prepaid. One and two-cent United States Government stamps accepted. Subscribers must notify us at once of any change of address, giving both old and new address.

Entered at the Brooklyn, N. Y., Post Office as Second-Class matter.

Copyright, 1921, by Brewster Publications, Inc., in the United States and Great Britain.

SHADOWLAND

177 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.



OUR COLOR PLATES:

Martha Lorber

The Picturesque Young Dancer whose Work
has Featured the Spectacle, "Mecca"

Eva Novak

A New and Promising Figure of the Cinema

Gladys Walton

A Stellar Film Newcomer of Decided
Possibilities

Mlle. Marguerite

The Dancing Hit of the Operetta,
"Honeydew"

and

Two Pages of Parisian Impressions, "Wynn
Gets Bohemian," by Wynn Holcomb; a
color poster, "The Boudoir," by
Wesley Morse; and an original
canvas, "Autumn Landscape,"
by W. R. Derrick

MARTHA LORBER
*In the Bacchanale of the Spectacle,
"Mecca"*



From a photograph by Abbe



From a photograph by Freinca

Eva Novak



From a photograph by Freulich

Gladys Hallon



AUTUMN LANDSCAPE
An Original Painting
By W. R. Derrick



Photograph by Nickolas Muray



A BLONDE IDOL OF THE CINEMA

For four years Gladys Leslie was the youngest star of the photoplay. Then she left Vitagraph and retired for a year. Film fans will be glad to know she has returned to the screen. Her first reappearance is in "Jim the Penman" with Lionel Barrymore



Rose of "The Rose Girl"

Special Art
Studies by
Nickolas
Muray

*Rose Rolande is a vivid
and colorful dancer well
known thru her Terpsi-
chorean interludes con-
tributed to a number of
musical attractions. She
has also appeared in mo-
tion pictures*





Miss Rolande's dancing is a feature of
"The Rose Girl"



Photograph by Nickolas Muray

BIRD MILLMAN

The vivacious wire artiste now appearing in the Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic



Photograph by E. O. Hoppe

KATHLENE MARTYN

The English beauty who is now a principal in the Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic



FLORENCE O'DENISHAWN

*A new study of the popular dancer, now
appearing in "Hitchy-Koo 1920," by Abbe*



Photograph by Abbe

THE MARMEIN SISTERS

Headliners in Keith vaudeville, these sisters have been something of pioneers in presenting unusual dance interludes



Photograph by Abbe

THE FILM'S "PASSION FLOWER"

Norma Talmadge's newest silversheet vehicle will be the Spanish melodrama, "The Passion Flower," which should provide a finely atmospheric background for her interesting personality



From a photograph by Apeda

Mlle Marguerite

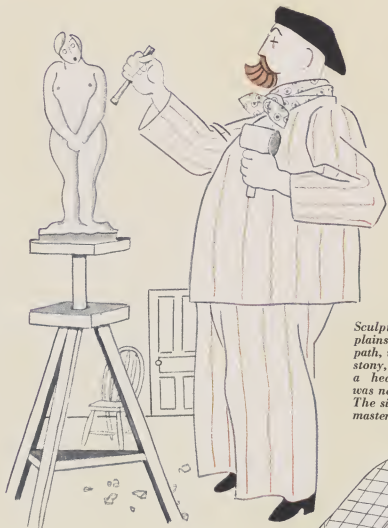


A touch of Africa is added to the Quarter by this dusky lady of the bizarre headress, who sips her coffee in the most startling attire

Wynn Gets Bohemian



Mr. Fugate disputes the statement of the Honorable Kipling that the East and West can never meet. Note the effect of his bang and his exotic neckwear



Sculpting isn't so hard, explains Signor Ravioli. "My path, while it was rough and stony, for I was foreman of a headstone establishment, was not unpleasant," he says. The signor is at work on his masterpiece, "Eve After Eating the Apple"



Miss Aphasia Jones, of Flatbush, is seen at work on her still life, "The Birth of the Youthful Onion." Miss Jones is in Paris absorbing atmosphere just as hard as ever she can



Here is a poor Latinite torn with hunger and indecision. Shall he sell his chef-d'oeuvre, "Nude Behind the Beyond," for a soap advertisement, starve as a martyr to Futurism, or go to work



Mimi is on her way to Colorassis, where she poses twice a week. At other times she may be found passing out the hors-d'œuvres et vin blanc to Tomassé's jamished clientele



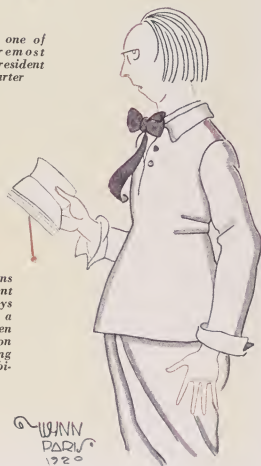
La Rotonde, from the inside looking out. The oasis of the Latin Quarter, Paris' Perian stronghold of impoverished Perigonists, where the liquid inspiration is served with an aspirin tablet accompanying each glass



Joe Davidson, one of America's foremost sculptors, is a resident of the Quarter

Mr. Kharis is a Buddhist and an enthusiast of all things beyond the Veil. As he toddles along towards Nirvana, he holds séances and makes woodcuts rich in the age-old symbolism of the mystic

Inde



A drink is the only means of silencing this exponent of free verse, who always reads his creations in a loud dry voice. Heaven help Paris if Mr. Johnson ever succeeds in getting France to adopt Prohibition

JOHN
PARIS
1920



THE BOUDOIR
A Poster Impression
By Wesley Morse

The Virtue of Vice

By B. F. Wilson

THE world moves along in a prosy old trot. Now and then there flashes across the grey horizon before our eyes, a figure of pure romance, and the greyiness is shot with crimson threads. The heart of us grows lighter and the mind is temporarily freed from its weight of heavy dullness.

Such a figure is Pancho Lopez, "The Bad Man" of Porter Emerson Browne's Broadway success. A figure who carelessly and magnificently drapes the cloak of romance about his shoulders, and preaches the gospel of boldness and indifference to one's fellow-man. A law unto himself, he makes the gospel of becoming one's own law-maker so attractive that one leaves the theater almost determined to follow in his footsteps.

Holbrook Blinn, as Lopez, has created a rare stage character. He injects into the person of the Mexican bandit, a lovable bravado and a daring humor.

I had tried to catch him for a few moments one night about eight o'clock. I was going to see the play out in front and wished to talk with him before getting the dramatic prejudice. He ar-

(Continued on page 79)

At the right is Holbrook Blinn as he appears in the rôle of the bandit in "The Bad Man." "As his interpreter, I agree with Pancho Lopez' philosophy of life," says Mr. Blinn, "I think the doctrine of killing off men, when they become an unnecessary evil, quite a practical one. Of course, as Holbrook Blinn, actor and farmer, I don't think that I would have the courage of Lopez' convictions."

Photograph by Ira D. Schwarz





Photograph by Maurice Goldberg

MARY NASH

In her colorful melodrama, "Thy Name is Woman"



Photograph by Holmes I. Metu

LILLIAN POWELL

Premiere Dancer in the Ted Shawn's
ballet, "Julnar of the Sea"



Photograph by Nickolas Murray

ELSIE MACKAY

As the beautiful courtesan, Marie Duplessis, in the Sacha Guitry drama, "Deburau"



Photograph by Bachrach Studios

FRANK BACON

Now in his third year on Broadway as the beloved star of "Lightnin'"



THE red hat may have had something to do with it. Or the black and white check sailor-dress, with the short, pleated skirt and the crimson tie. Or it may have been—and I'm pretty sure it was—the beguiling cherries dangling over the brim of the hat.

At any rate, Lilyan Tashman, school-truant that she was, gathered up a dollar and fifty cents, and a friend who had a dollar and fifty cents, and went to tea at Martin's—the old Café de Paris. It was a deliberate move on Lilyan's part. It meant staying away from class so that she could doll herself up in time; and it signified a journey from the depths of Brooklyn. But what happened at the restaurant Lilyan had nothing to do with. That was luck, or fate, or perhaps, just Mr. Ziegfeld's wary eye.

"I beg your pardon, girls, but Flo Ziegfeld would like you to join him at his table." A man had approached theirs, and Lilyan was flabbergasted. In fact, resentful.

"Don't be a fool," Lilyan's friend advised. "You said you wanted to go on the stage. Here's the chance of a lifetime." And the companion arranged that Mr. Ziegfeld finish tea with them.

When Lilyan emerged from the subway in Brooklyn, she let a sigh escape. For she had an offer to join the new "Follies" which were then in rehearsal; but she knew it would take an enormous amount of courage to break away from home.

"I broke away gradually," Miss Tashman explains. "I used to say that I was going to sleep at a friend's and stay away so that I could get to the final rehearsals, which were always at night. I have three sisters, all school-teachers. If I hadn't gone on the stage, I, too,

Lilyan Tashman was having tea in a New York café when an offer came from Flo Ziegfeld. Jr. from the Ziegfeld "Follies," Miss Tashman stepped to David Belasco's "The Gold Diggers." What will be next?

The Expectant Lilyan

By
C. Blythe Sherwood

would have gone to normal college school and I would now be a bum school-teacher." The family, of course, was horrified at first. Now they're exultant. They busy themselves clipping all her pictures, and sending their friends to see her, and telling their pupils of the beautiful actress they gave to the American stage. "They think I'm wonderful!" Lilyan laughed,—remembering the admonitions.

Miss Tashman, from the first, was an exception. She was given lines to say immediately—and lines to reveal. When she went with "Miss 1917" at the Century Theater, she was chosen to give her inimitable imitation of Frank Tinney. Then she appeared at the Hotel des Artists Annual Ball at which

(Continued on page 79)

Both photographs by Edward Thayer Monroe





Photograph by F. E. Geisler

DOLORES

A beautiful factor of the success, "Sally"



Diana of the Stage

Both photographs by Ira L. Hill

The stage has no more beautiful exponent than dainty Diana Allen, who lately has been transferring her activities to the cinema. Like many another Ziegfeld beauty, Miss Allen is likely soon to be lost to the stage, for she seems to have all the requisites for film success





HAZEL FLINT

*A new and unusual stage
personality*

Photograph by
Hixon-Connelly Studios



Photograph by Royal Atelier

BELLE STOREY

*The pretty prima donna of
the vast Hippodrome spec-
tacle, "Good Times"*



Photograph by Hixon-Connelly Studios

BOTHWELL BROWNE

A striking Study of the Feminine Impersonator now playing in Keith Voudeville

The Beauteous Bade

Special Camera Studies
for SHADOWLAND by
Edward Thayer Monroe



Annette Bade is one of the famous beauties of the Ziegfeld fold. Very likely she will soon follow in the footsteps of her famous predecessors, from Justine Johnstone to Irene Marcellus, and desert the footlights for the screen.

HARRIET
GIMBEL

*A new and fresh stage
Personality*



Photograph by Abbe



"Miss Mitzi"

By
Gladys Hall

We indicated that we "got" her on the maps. One never knows what has befallen one's country while one sleeps these days. One takes to one's couch to know oneself Irish, let us say, and awakes to find oneself British Guianian, as like as not. We registered sympathy, and felt stolid, being American and more or less stationary as to maps—thus far. But Mr. Wells and his "Outline."

"How does that affect you—nationally?" we asked.

We knew how it might, statistically. Were we not, ourself, quoting amazing things anent the systems polar and equatorial. And do we not know from whom (or *what*) we are sprung? But we put our question.

Mitzi looked pensive. Mitzi is quite irresistible when she looks pensive. And we knew (having been there ten minutes), that it was not the 'shifting tides of map making Mitzi

(Continued on page 80)

Photographs by Nickolas Muray

MITZI is almost exactly like you think she is—seeing and hearing her from out front.

Only she has more common-sense than, probably, you think she has. Because, probably, you think that, for her to have all that she has plus common-sense, is much too much to expect of one so small person. Nevertheless, there it is. . . .

Having seen her and heard her, you know without being told that she has piquancy, and a voice, and a sudden sweetness, and also you ought to know that she has dramatic potentialities showing themselves every now and again, slenderly but unmistakably, shyly but certainly, from behind the frou-frou and frills of musical comedy.

Some day *Musical Comedia* (interviewer's license), is going to be discovered going about in weeds and, when questioned, is going to say, lachrymously, that Mitzi has deserted, and is now doing Ibsen or one of Eugene O'Neill's bits of optimism for the Provincetown Players—or some such thing. For Mitzi has a range, not only of voice.

The Viennese . . . ah me, ah me!

Mitzi is Viennese. The newspapers have told you that, times without number. Probably the Viennese newspapers make a daily item of it. "At least," Mitzi told me, plaintively, "I *was* Viennese before they began doing such queer things with the maps and before Mr. Wells wrote his 'Outline of History'."

Mitzi is Viennese. She has been married for eight months. They have a little home at Gedney Farms. Mitzi says she isn't going to always remain on the stage. She is going to try pictures and then—



VOLININE

*Dancing with Anna
Parlowa this season*



Photograph by Abbe



Photograph by Nickolas Muray

MAY KITCHEN

*One of the charming principals of
"The Rose Girl"*



WINTER SUN

A camera study by Adolf Frütz of Vienna

An Appeal to George M. Cohan

By Walter Prichard Eaton

AS I sat the other night at Francis Wilson's revival of "Erminie," I could not help reflecting how much of a certain kind of theatrical pleasure New York has lost by becoming so big—I mean the pleasure of good burlesque, and the intimate, personal touch between performers and public that used to characterize our burlesque companies. What made me particularly think of this was the "curtain speech" Wilson and De Wolf Hopper delivered together. Have you heard it? They bandy each other about their names, they assume that all the audience are their friends (quite correctly I) and make it a personal matter. It is apparently utterly casual, unconventional, the most delightful kind of fooling. What it inevitably reminded me of was the old Weber and Fields music hall (where Hopper was once a member of the company), and where just this kind of bantering intimacy between players and public was a large part of the charm.

The Weber and Fields music hall! I suppose there is a whole benighted generation now who never sat in that little smoke-filled cubby-hole of delight, and have no idea of the friendly atmosphere which pervaded it, the affection in which all the players, even the members of the chorus, were held, the sheer joy of the impromptu wit and banter, the delicious fun of the burlesques. It went out of existence a decade and a half ago, and when it passed there passed a form of entertainment which had been a feature of New York life almost continuously since 1839—the production of musical fun and burlesque by a resident company of favorites. There is only one man in New York today who holds sufficiently the regard of the public, and has the necessary wit and skill to revive this ancient tradition and carry it on. That man is G. M. Cohan. For a time it looked as tho he was going to try it in his spring reviews. But he has apparently abandoned the attempt. It is a great pity. The New York stage has lost its most characteristic flavor.

The first theater in the city to make a regular feature of the kind of entertainment I have in mind was opened on Chambers street in 1839 by William Mitchell. It

was called the Olympic. Mitchell was a great favorite in his day, and he presented his burlesques for about twenty years. One of the earliest was called "La Mosquito," and made sport of "The Tarantula," in which the famous dancer, Fanny Elssler, appeared. Mitchell himself, ridiculously clad in a ballet costume, burlesqued the fair Fanny. The scene, be it noted, was in Hoboken. Even then Hoboken was a joke—and the Jersey mosquito as well! In those days almost all of our dramas were imported, but the burlesques at the Olympic were written or devised on the spot, and had a strong local flavor.

Following Mitchell, Burton opened a theater, also on Chambers Street, where burlesque and racy native comedy were the chief fare, and later Brougham opened his Lyceum on the corner of Broadway and Broome Street. Brougham was the author of and chief actor in the most famous of American burlesques, "Pocahontas," which he played more than a thousand times. With Burton and Brougham were associated, at one time or another, such actors as Mark Smith, George Holland and

William J. Florence.

Following the Civil War came a curious phase of American theatrical life. Taste was unquestionably lowered by the strain of war, and moral standards were less rigid. "The Black Crook" was succeeded by a veritable deluge of undraped females, who usurped, at one period, almost every stage in the city except that of Booth's theater. These females had to have some excuse by way of a play, however, and burlesque furnished the framework. For a time there was little else but burlesque and tights in our theaters. As a result of that orgy, the term "burlesque" has come to mean, nowadays, to many people, the cheap variety entertainment in which blonde females in tights still disport themselves. However, that is a wrong use of the term. Before the late 1860's it meant the joyous, good-natured parody of serious or classical plays, or of events and characters in history, and the turning topsy-turvy of accepted theatrical values. And it meant that, too, during the "reign of burlesque" (Continued on page 78)



Photograph by Moffett Studio

VIVIENNE SEGAL
Now Appearing in "Three Kisses"



Photograph by E. O. Hoppe

H. G. WELLS

*One of the most distinguished figures
of the literary world and the author
of the most talked about of books,
"The Outline of History"*

The Movies in Movement

By W. L. George

It is, we know, the fate of everything new, everything vital, everything intelligent, to be attacked by the high-brows as soon as it rears its head into the gentle air of popularity. They want to kill it. They don't quite know why; the old-fashioned high-brow calls the novelty new fangled; the new-fashioned high-brow calls it vulgar; when cornered, both types abandon their positions, but maintain their desire to kill the new thing.

Naturally, the cinema, with its enormous developments, its appeal to the masses (ha, ha! here I detect a root of high-brow hatred) has been as ill-received as any of the good things which have made life pleasant. To be accurate, we should say that the enemies of the cinema are not recruited exclusively from among the high-brow. On their side we find sentimentalists, like the silly woman whom I yesterday overheard in a railway carriage, bemoaning the destiny of a ducal homestead, which has just been taken over by a cinema producing company . . . after standing empty for ten years. This hurt her feelings. It outraged them. She would rather have the old ruin stand empty forever. She and the old ruin, they made a pair. Then there is the friend of the stage, a vivacious enemy, that one, because he is frightened, and people fight best in a corner. I discover him in an article from the New York correspondent of the *London Times*, May, 20, 1920:

"There is one feature of the golden film rush that is likely to perturb those who have the interests of the speaking stage at heart. Film magnates have made so much money that they have been able to buy chains of theaters throughout the country. (America). They have become play producers, but the selection of any spoken play depends upon its chances as a film afterward. They give the play a run in a theater as an advertisement for the screen play that is to follow, and it is not difficult to foresee a serious menace to the art of the theater, inasmuch as some of the most beautiful plays of the last fifty years would make but indifferent screen plays. Action is essential to a film if it is to be a success. It is terrible to think of some plays that have depended on their dialog for their success, being given "pep" in order that they may be adopted for the screen."

This is all very well, but the friend of the theater can't have it both ways; either the people want plays unsuitable for filming and obviously somebody will supply them; or they prefer film plays, and why should they not look after itself. Its weakness arises from its own vices; when it throws off these vices, the enumeration of which would fill this article, it will recover the appeal it used to make to the people.

But the worst enemies of the cinema are less precise than the friend of the theater. They do not hate the cinema, because they love the theater; they hate the cinema in itself, just as their ancestors objected to railways on the plea that they would set fire to the crops, just as they told the greatest of the American painters, Whistler, that he flung his paintpot into the face of the public, because he ventured to throw it in a novel way. Still,

W. L. George is the famous British novelist and feminist. He is the author of "Caliban," "The Second Blooming," "A Bed of Roses" and other internationally popular novels, but he has found time to take a profound interest in motion pictures. He is a member of the Cinema Committee of the British Society of Authors. Consequently, his comments upon the photoplay are of unusual interest. His second article will appear in next month's SHADOWLAND.

let us raise our eyes to the high-brow. Let us hear him. I have heard him recently in an article in *The English Review*, a publication of high standing, (May, 1920). The author of the article, which covers three pages, signs S. O. One's impulse is to add an S. I wish I could reproduce, entirely, this attack upon the moving picture, but I must condense it. Here are the views of S. O.:

"The cinema is not an art, lacking the magic of the human voice, the reality of the human form, color, sound, poetry. It is a purely ocular illusion, an eye-frenzy. It is cheap. It is killing the drama. It beats the play in expressing brutality, vulgarity, and sheer stupidity. Its appeal arises from this brutality and horror. Its advantage over the stage comes from there being no blood or sounds of blows. Its power is its appeal to physical passion, hate and prejudice. It is all action; there are no intervals, no silences. Its power for evil is preposterous. Its lure is the intoxication of the mind and the senses."

The following I quote in full: "The essence is the make believe. All the emotions for a bob. In an hour from Sadism to salvation. Walk up! The mob—the film is the mob. It is democracy undressing itself, tasting life, living for an hour or so in the boots of a thief, a murderer, a princess, a highwayman, or a hero, or a harlot, or a Dr. Crippen. For the film has broken down respect."

"Of what use is criticism in a world which is its own critic? A world which raves over Charlie and Mary has no use for the tears out of which all art blossoms. This is a democratic age, and the screen is its fitting expression. There are plenty of subjects it has not done. A gladiatorial show, for instance, the lions and the Christians, Bedlam gone mad, a crocodile eating a baby, etc., etc. Thrills, more thrills."

Really, some people want the world for a dime, and when they get it they don't like it. What is the sense of saying that the cinema is not an art because it lacks the magic of the human voice? Rembrandt's pictures don't talk. That it is not art because it shows no color? Beethoven's sonatas do not blind your eyes. Why attack it because it is an ocular illusion? When, in a melodrama, the hero stabs the villainous villain, that is an ocular illusion. At least, I hope so. Then S. O. states that the cinema beats the play in expressing brutality, vulgarity and stupidity. He can't have seen all our plays. As for the appeal to physical passion and prejudice, even if we assume that the cinema appeals to nothing else, I can assure S. O. that any music hall in Europe will give him more of that than the mild, respectable, censored screen.

All this is so excessive that one hardly wants to discuss it, but as the point of view is preached by a good many people, who, lacking brains, yet have ears, as the cinema is undoubtedly a form of art, just as much as the picture or the book, we cannot let the charges stand. If we let them alone, we delay the day when the best and most delicate brains will work for the cinema. Passivity is not good, for the ears of a world that has not too much brain

(Continued on page 73)



Reflections of a Gentle Cynic

In the Department-Store

By Lisa Ysaye Tarleau

I AM about to offer you, gentle reader, just a little conversation; a conversation half emotional, half philosophical: futile as all things are and yet haunting with the importance all things ought to have. The speakers are, of course, the Lady and the Gentleman, the eternal actors in all comedies and tragedies, spoken and unspoken. Whether you call them Adam and Eve, or Antonius and Cleopatra, or Abelard and Heloise, or the Gentleman in Grey and the Lady in Blue, in the end you refer always to the same persons, old as the moon and young as the dawn. . . .

The Lady and the Gentleman, then, whom I am now presenting to you, are walking thru the gallery of a department-store. The Lady is interested in the new French models, the Gentleman is interested in the Lady. In addition—she imagines, really, that it is only “in addition,” the Lady is also interested in the fact that the Gentleman is interested in her, and, if he should ever cease to be interested, even the new French models would lose their attraction. All this sounds complicated, but, gentle reader, as you have had, without doubt, your own experiences in this direction, you understand, of course, the quavers, and semi-quavers and strange pauses in the symphony of the motions.

THE LADY:

Oh, here we are already in the fur-department and I did want to buy a hat.

Top panel:

Ben Ali Haggin's tableau, “Paris, 1793, Place de la Revolution,” in the Ziegfeld Midnight Frolie

THE GENTLEMAN:

Another hat? Why, you have so many of them. Another hat would really be superfluous.

THE LADY:

As if that were an argument against the hat. Cant you see that I want the hat just because it is superfluous. *Le superflu, chose très nécessaire*, says one of my beloved poets. Only the superfluous is the really necessary thing, while, come to think of it, the necessary is entirely superfluous.

THE GENTLEMAN:

What terrible sophistry! Almost worse than the things you usually say.

THE LADY:

Oh, not at all. No sophistry but the real truth, *la vraie vérité*. Enough is never enough and the superfluous is the only thing really necessary in life. More than that, the desire for the superfluous is the one quality that makes man human and distinguishes him from all other earth-born creatures. No animal ever wants anything superfluous. It is quite satisfied with the necessities, and so it remains, of course, (Continued on page 77)



Quebec and Montreal

*Statue of Monseigneur
de Laval-Montmorency in
Quebec. The figure of
the famous ecclesiastic
faces the university which
bears his name*

*The Ursuline Convent in
Quebec. This institution,
founded by Madame de
la Peltre, a French gen-
tlewoman, in 1639, is the
most ancient in all
Canada*



Special
Camera Studies
for SHADOWLAND
By Sherrill Schell

*Bonsecours Market in
Montreal. The old
French Market is one
of the sights of the
Canadian city, as col-
orful and animated a
sight as one could find
in Normandy*



*La Place, Quebec. One of
the old squares of Quebec
which still retains an
Old World atmosphere*



Glimpses of Japanese Gardens

and imitation of the forms which the Japanese have developed, it is significant to remember that the gardens of Nippon are to be found in their most exquisite completeness in the grounds of their Buddhist and Shinto temples. In the Western mind, the garden in its most highly developed state has been associated with the palaces of emperors and the private villas of the landed

If all Japan were erased from her teeming islands and nothing but her temples were saved from the debacle, the world could reconstruct from them the entire civilization and culture of the land of Shogun and Mikado. Beneath their curving roofs of tile and their lacquered rafters centuries old are gathered the finest products of the Japanese imagination in its age-long seclusion from the Western world. Under the spell of enticing incense, in the dimly lit recesses of the temple, whether it be dedicated to the Shinto or the Buddhist faith, art and literature and music and philosophy have found secure retreat, in times past, from the temporal struggles of rival Daimyos, and today from the intrusion of Occidental materialism. In these sheltered precincts, too, the Noh, the ancient lyric drama of Japan, has been guarded in its pure ceremonial form. To these sanctuaries of art and learning the architects of Nippon have devoted their most patient skill, and to the ground surrounding them the landscape gardeners have bestowed the final touch which distinguishes them most strikingly from the holy places of other races.

In connection with our contemporary enthusiasm for landscape architecture, and particularly our eager appreciation

aristocracy. Taking their cue from the Greeks and the Romans and the feudal over-lords of the Renaissance, the modern inheritors of land and leisure have surrounded themselves and their seclusion with the natural beauties of flower and shrub and tree, of glen and grotto and pool, trained and developed by artifice and ingenuity to serve as outdoor salons for their reveries, their games, and their pastimes. Such have been the gardens around Como and Maggiore, of Versailles and Potsdam, and the parks stretching away from British baronial halls. In a modest way the less favored citizens of Western Europe and our own suburban dwellers have imitated the royal custom by confining the garden to the privacy of the home. In marked contrast with this Occidental practice, the Japanese have lavished the most elaborate efforts of their landscape gar-



Top, a corner of the lake of the Garden of the Silver Temple, Buddhist, in Kyoto, Japan. Right, lake and bridge in the garden of the Japanese Shinto Temple, Heian-Jingu, in Kyoto

By
Oliver
M.
Sayler

deners on the grounds within their temple enclosures. They, too, have their private and their imperial gardens, but all of them turn for precept and example to the temple.

It is a vivid and none too reassuring comment on the austerity of Western culture to contrast the bareness of our churchyards with the rich and varied

settings of the temples of the East. Whether it be inherent in our religion or simply the result of the Puritan interpretation of that religion, our asceticism has shut us off from much of the sensuous beauty which nature, held in the leash of art, can contribute to our intellectual life. From the moment you enter the gate of a Buddhist temple or pass under the Torii of a Shinto shrine in Japan you are caught up into a sympathetic communion with nature in alliance with man-made structures of wood and tile. The approach to holy ground is not always so long and pretentious as the five miles of cryptomerias leading in arched avenue from Imaichi to Nikko. In fact, the Japanese temple garden is usually a compact spot, with shrub and bridge and waterfall treading on one another in crowded profusion. In this miniature world, the traveler from the land of prairies has the disconcerting feeling of a Gulliver among the Lilliputians. With head bowed under low-sweeping branches he stands, one foot on a toy bridge, uncertain whether or not it is meant really to be used. Within a space the size of Gramercy Park he loses himself half a dozen times in the byways which cross and recross each other and the tiny stream that rambles from some source and disappears from view just as mysteriously.

In contrast with the Chinese, whose taste leads them to majestic vistas and imposing perspective in their architecture and their landscape, the Japanese, thru necessity perhaps, are inclined to dwarf their buildings and everything in the grounds around them. The Chinese look far upward to their roofs and ceilings; the Japanese bring their ceilings down almost within arm's reach. The wonders of imperial pomp are vastly extended in the palaces and temples of Peking; the imagination of the artists of Nippon is distilled into a quintessence and concentrated in the half-dozen panels of the sliding wall of a temple alcove. Out of doors, where nature is pressed into ser-



vice, her normal processes are not always permitted to go their own way, but a brook is divided and subdivided into the tiniest rivulets, and the trees and shrubs are often twisted and stunted to conform to the proportions of the diminutive scene. That scene, however, by some strange secret known only to the Japanese, gives the impression of beauty and balance and naturalness. With the perfect adjustment of all its parts, it shames the doubting Westerner into a sense that he is too large, not that it is too small. It is a realm of artifice, but a realm so convincing in its artificiality that it overcomes antipathy or even hesitancy before the mind can form for itself a critical objection.

In all Japan there are no temple gardens like those of Kyoto. Nestling among its surrounding hills, this ancient capital of the Mikados guards jealously the remnants of an elder glory and faces resolutely and with fine spirit the problems and opportunities of a new and ambitious age of industry. Kyoto is a fascinating and inspiring blend of the best of the old Japan and the best of the new. It is fitting, therefore, that the heritage of the past should be cherished here, not in the spirit of a museum, but as a channel thru which the impulses of today can be most eloquently expressed. Kyoto still tends its temple gardens because it still uses them. It lays out new gardens in the spirit of the old, but with a hand which is accustomed to deal with the aspects of a larger world. From the founding of Ginkakuji, or the Silver Temple, and the planting of its garden, a decade before Columbus discovered America, down to the construction of Heian-jingu with its more spacious background of flower and tree and stream in connection with the Exposition of 1895, the tradition of the landscape architect has extended in an unbroken line.

(Continued on page 72)

A picturesque study of Miyajima in the rain. Miyajima is Japan's sacred island



Vanda Hoff: Danseuse

Special Art Studies
made for SHADOWLAND by the
Strauss-Peyton Studios

© by Strauss-Peyton Studios

A picturesque and highly colored personality is that of Vanda Hoff. The accompanying camera studies give a vivid idea of her latest dance creation





"East is East and West is West," etc., wrote Kipling, but we believe Miss Hoff has proved the poet-novelist to be incorrect. Surely here is the Orientalism of the East tempered with the Modernism of the West.



Where Beauty Reigns

Just above is Martha Pierre, one of the beauties of the Ziegfeld Midnight Roof entertainment. The young woman apparently about to engage in a fishing expedition is Billie Dove. Any fish who could refuse Miss Dove—well—

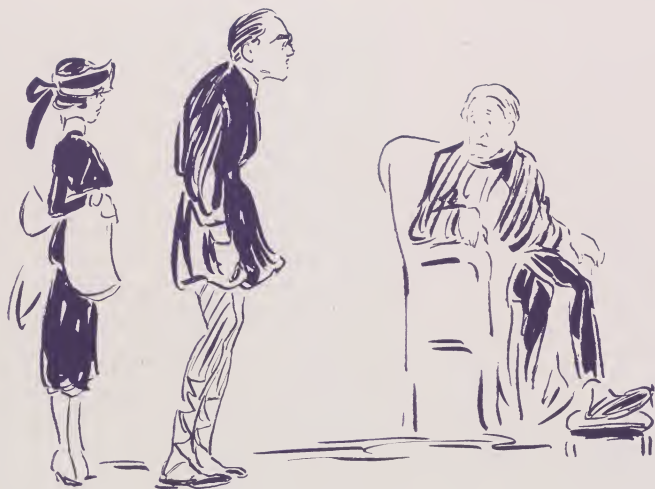


Special
Photographs by
Alfred Cheney
Johnston



Marie Wallace is the Ziegfeld beauty pictured above. She is one of the roof favorites. At the left is another view of Billie Dove, who also can be seen across the page

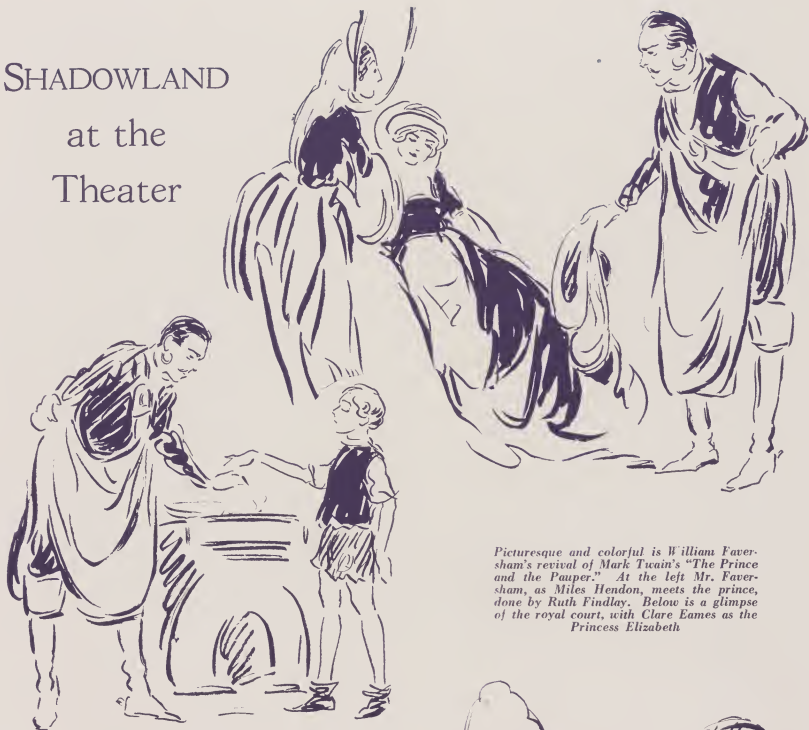
Clare Kummer's light comedy, "Rollo's Wild Out," is one of the pleasant things of the stage year. Here with are three scenes from the frothy bit



Just above is Roland Young, as Rollo, conferring with his grandfather, played by J. M. Kerrigan. Below, at the left, Rollo meets Goldie MacDuff, done by Lotus Robb. At the lower right is Marjorie Kummer as Rollo's sister, Lydia



SHADOWLAND at the Theater



Picturesque and colorful is William Faverham's revival of Mark Twain's "The Prince and the Pauper." At the left Mr. Faverham, as Miles Hendon, meets the prince, done by Ruth Findlay. Below is a glimpse of the royal court, with Clare Eames as the Princess Elizabeth



Sketch by Plummer



Photograph by Nickolas Muray

FLORENCE REED

Now lending her exotic personality to
"The Mirage"

Remy de Gourmont: Civilization's Epilogue

By Benjamin de Casseres

REMY DE GOURMONT was an epilogue to European civilization.

After the curtain went down on "modernity" in that final crash of symbols and drums in August, 1914, De Gourmont wrote the coda in his two war books, and in 1915 he retired from his seclusion in Paris to his seclusion in God. The war killed him by vibration. He was in his fifty-seventh year.

Passed then from men one of the great glories of French literature. Passed, then, too, a spirit probably the most completely and highly civilized of any epoch. Passed the final nuance of the creative intellect, the ultra-violet ray of literary expression.

After De Gourmont—nobody, as yet. He completed a vast trajectory begun with Epicurus. He summed up and incarnated Rabelais, Montaigne, the Encyclopedists, Voltaire, Renan, Baudelaire, Flaubert, Anatole France, Poe and Walt Whitman.

Only two books of De Gourmont's have been translated into English—"A Night in the Luxembourg" and "Philosophic Nights in Paris," published by Luce of Boston; but they hardly give us a taste of the man's universalism, as great and mirific as is the first book.

He was almost from its inception the soul of the *Mercur de France*, that magazine of the mind, unique in literary annals. He conducted a department in it until his death. Curious likeness between the man and the name of the magazine, for De Gourmont was the herald of France—he was French culture incarnate.

He was the author of about thirty volumes—nothing less than the history of the French sensibility between the Franco-Prussian and the World War.

Psychological novels, poems, scientific essays, epigrams, short but perfect analyses of the great writers of the day—his field of intellectual activity covered the whole range of man's activity on the globe. He should have been named Remy de Gourmand.

Pagan, mystic, materialist, scientist, blasphemer, devotee, he lays life bare

to the sockets and recreates it in his transfiguring prose.

A thousand rivers emptied themselves in the ocean of his perception. All ghosts found a tongue in him. He is guilty of every heresy. His was a thousand-tracked mind. In the hippodrome of his consciousness he rode easily and gaily a thousand horses. His sanity was never in question. He kept the law of balance.

He is the great dissociator of ideas. One might believe that he began each day with a prayer something like this: Give me this day a corroding doubt and deliver me from single-mindedness and all faith, that I may scan the Centre from each point on the marvelous circle of existence and scan each point on the circle from the illusive Centre; and defraud me not of pain.

One finds the inexorable logic of the absurd in all his pages. There is life to prove his thesis. The absurd in life is the rule. It is a Satan who whispers into the ear of St. Anthony, in Flaubert's great book, "Suppose the

Absurd should be the Truth!" He whispered it also into the ear of Remy de Gourmont.

An exceptional joy is the joy of doubt, a joy of which Remy de Gourmont was the chief exponent. Ideas are neither good nor bad in themselves. It is the emotion that they inspire that lends to them what they have of pain or pleasure on their countenances. Temperament decides everything. Remy de Gourmont says dogmas are without humor; Certitude never smiles. The joy inspired by doubt is the joy of change and motion. Life exists in order to be analyzed, re-integrated, and analyzed again, and so on *ad infinitum*. Doubt is his truth. Doubt is his own special attitude in front of the Great Mystery. Doubt is his inalienable joy. Doubt is his "will-to-power," his "will-to-live." It is his weapon of offense and defense. It is his illusion, his North Star, his will o' the wisp.

Irony, ridicule, disdain, the smiling nebulous silence that can uncreate a god or a creed, are his darling weapons. In his "Philosophic Promenades" and his "Dialogues of Amateurs" all our too, too solid "truths" thaw (Continued on page 76)



Photograph by Albin

STUDY OF MARGARET SEVERN
by Derujinsky

AT THY SHRINE

By Harold Vinal

Before the shrine of thy dear memory,
I kneel in prayer;
The dream-lit candles of remembrance—
Burn softly there.

Wind-stirred they tremble in the eager
gloom
Like gleaming stars;
The fragrant scent of jasmine flowers
drifts
From silver jars.

Yet there is something makes my dull
heart beat
As once before;
I sometimes seem to hear your footsteps
pass
Outside the door.

LIFE

By Le Baron Cooke

First I admired you, detachedly,
As one does an exquisite object
Beyond the reach of intimacy;
Then . . . I loved you
For making my heart
So amazingly complete . . .
And now I *hate* you
Because you have taken from me
The desire to search.

ORIENTAL NOCTURNE

By Le Baron Cooke

The young bride
Lingered in the garden,
Intoxicated by the grace
Of an ivory youth
Swimming in the pool;
Suddenly a bell tinkled,
Warning her of the approach
Of her venerable lord:
Obediently she faced the East.

The sky was perforated with stars
And the burning of incense
Made sacrificial the night.

UNPAID

By Harold Vinal

You bound my life with flame
And sandaled it with song;
Now, love, I owe a debt to you
My whole life long.

You gave me singing hours
And joy the glad year thru;
Ah, love, and I can only give—
Myself to you.

TO ONE

By Le Baron Cooke

Because of my love for you
I dare not write you poems,
Lest you think yourself subject-matter,
And me a Philistine.

POETRY

JEALOUSY

By Harry Kemp

Be true to me for our love's sake,
For seldom on this barren earth
Does such a flower of beauty bloom
As this to which our lives give birth:

We must not leave it to neglect,
To gusts and flaws of wanton weather,
But, as it grew from both our dreams,
So we must cherish it together.

If for a moment's changing fancy,
If for an hour of maddened passion
You take another's hand and mouth,
God will requite you in His fashion;

Nor think to hold me with deception,
Nor with much kissing to undo me—
The truth will somehow cry from air,
The universe will tell it to me . . .

And when I learn it—when I learn it,
Such devils will invade my heart
Death will come on me without pity
Like Massacre that takes a city—
My very blood will cry to God
And all my life will fall apart!

THORN PRICKS

By Barbara Hollis

It is the little things I cannot bear—
The subtle perfume of a flower you wear;
A lock, that's straying from your glinting
hair.

I can deny myself your lips, nor fear
That I will crush you to me, when you're
near,
You—who are so unspeakably dear.

But, oh, the little things are hard to bear!
A glove that you have dropped upon the
stair;
A little word that shows you do not care.

CATHLEEN

By Susan Myra Gregory

In the little house beyond the clearing
fairly-thimbles grew,
And the hawthorn flowered white along
the way
That led to that wide-standing door
whence sometimes, clear and true,
There came a note of Cathleen's song to
haunt you all your day.

The hawthorn walk is silent and the
grasses rank with rain,
And the lady's-slippers listen in the dew
For a little footstep falling that will never
come again
To the house beyond the clearing where
the fairy-thimbles grew.

NECROMANCY

By Susan Myra Gregory

White midnight's alchemy
On desert sands—
Mirages slipping
From the outstretched hands;

The yearning note that almost
Finds a word—
A forest silence
By the night wind stirred;

Sad western skies beyond
Black poplar trees—
Grey distances where mists
Meet silver seas;

What would they tell us?
Wind and night and mist—
Whiteness of moon-dawn—
Dusk of amethyst!

DIALOG

By John Haulton

"What do you remember
Of that last, sweet day?"
"Only bleeding poppies
In the trampled hay."

"Not my ardent kisses,
Not my burning words?"
"There was sadness in the singing
Of the lonely birds."

"I said: 'Life is ours,
You and I.'"
"Ah, I knew the truth, dear;
Love must die."

"Why so strange, so cold now;
Bend your head?"
"What I feared was true, dear.
Love is dead."

AS THE RAIN

By Le Baron Cooke

As the rain
Purifies the earth,
Do you, Beloved,
Purge my mind
Of dark and stagnant thoughts;
And may I,
As the earth to the rain,
Offer you
A harvest in return.

THE SEA

By J. R. Moreland

By day the Sea
Is a blue flower
With curling white petals,
And the great boats,
Sailing before the wind,
White moths.

By night the Sea
Is a lover's garden
Fragrant with silver memories,
And the twinkling lights
From passing ships,
Gold fireflies.



Stage and Cinema Favorites

E. O. Hoppe, the London photographer and artist, now in America, has made a series of studies of American stage and screen favorites for SHADOWLAND. Three of his first photographs are here reproduced. At the upper right is Catherine Calvert, above is Alice Brady and, at the right, is Madge Kennedy



New York Sees a Month of Melodrama

By The Critic

WILLIAM ARCHER'S "The Green Goddess" left us puzzled. How could such a melodrama—suave and adroit tho it be—have been written by Mr. Archer? For Mr. Archer has long held a distinguished position in the English theater. He contributed mightily toward introducing Ibsen to the English speaking theater. He wrote a standard text book on dramatic construction, "Play-Making." He has long been a critical power in London.

Small wonder, then, that New York awaited his first drama with unusual interest. Yet "The Green Goddess" left it cold, for it proved to be merely an orthodox melodrama. True, Mr. Archer had given it an unusual finish and a fine dexterity of handling, well brought out in Winthrop Ames' production, but "The Green Goddess" fell short—by many miles.

Naturally, after the coming of "The Green Goddess," you will learn again that a critic is a man who can not write a play and, of course, if he cannot write a drama, he can not, by all the processes of reasoning, appreciate a good one when he sees it. To which we need only repeat that famous response that it is not necessary to know how to lay an egg in order to tell whether or not it is good.

All of which is a bit beside the point. Mr. Archer's "The Green Goddess" is what it is because its creator plainly believes more in technique than in life, more in dramaturgic skill than in humanity. He has taken three people—two British officers and a woman—and dropped them from a wrecked aeroplane over the desolate Himalayas into the lonely realm of Rookh. The woman is the wife of one of the Englishmen and beloved by the other.

But the rajah of Rookh—a cynical Oriental educated at Cambridge—is malignity incarnate. He coolly kills the British husband as the man sends a wireless call for help. Of course, the rajah makes improper overtures to the English lady in return for her lover's life and, naturally, a British force arrives in aeroplanes in the nick of time. Everything moves on melodramatic schedule.

Mr. Archer has related all this with

an eye to the theater. The piece holds one's interest but it is wholly and completely mechanical. Mr. Archer has lost his perspective upon life in his love of dramatic mechanics.

Mr. Ames has given "The Green Goddess" an excellent presentation. The various settings are fine instances of scenic investitures in the proper dramatic mood. And the acting is excellent. George Arliss gives one of his typically silken and sinister performances as the rajah, while the hit of the melodrama is scored by Ivan Simpson as his scoundrelly refugee valet.

Equally unreal and far from as well built is another melodrama, "In the Night Watch," adapted by Michael Morton from the French of Claude Ferrer and Lucien Nepoty. This is a mixture of Drury Lane thriller and Parisian emotional "dramer" of the '80s. Herein, we move back to the tense moments of 1914, when France was on the verge of war. There is the usual triangle, two French officers and the wife of one of them. The woman, in a moment of pique and anger, wholly innocent, of course, slips secretly into the cabin of the other man. At that second war is declared and the battleship gets under way.

You can guess the rest, including the final reconciliation.

"In the Night Watch" is peppered with fearful speeches of the stage stogy. The one thing that may save the melodrama is the effect of a battleship deck in action and the subsequent sinking of the torpedoed craft. But the movies have made hard running for this sort of scenic thriller. A cast of "big names," ranging from Jeanne Eagles to Robert Warwick and from Cyril Scott to Edmond Lowe, has been assembled to wrestle with the awful material but the honors

go to Max Figman for his very real characterization of a faithful sailor.

We rather dread revivals. "Erminie" for instance, filled us with trepidation. And it lived up to our very worst expectations. We know that most of the critics commented upon it with kindness and reverence but we found the operetta hopelessly slow and out of date. After all, youth is the big thing of life.

De Wolf Hopper, Francis Wilson and others appear in the revival but, save for moments of Mr. Wilson, the cast left us uninspired.

Say what you may of jazz, we are with it to the last snap of our fingers.



Amelie Asten's impression of Lionel Atwill in David Belasco's production of the colorful Gaiety drama, "Deburau"

AURIE ASTEN

New York Theater Clubs

By
Louis Raymond Reid

THE history of the stage in America is indelibly associated with the history of theatrical clubs of New York. Composed of a membership that includes the leading actors, managers, playwrights and press agents, these clubs have played a conspicuous part in the progress of the theater in this country. Many a play which has proved a great Broadway success has had its origin in one of the clubs, performed, perhaps, at a private festival. Many a play has been cast with actors exclusively from one of the clubs, and the organizations have had participation in all the leading movements of the theater, whether they were directed toward legislation affecting the stage or artistic and commercial improvement in the standards of the playhouse or toward the unionization of actors.

A conscientious and entertaining chronicler of the theater—such as Frank J. Wiltach or Walter J. Kingsley—should pen a history of the American stage. They would take extra pains to pay exhaustive tribute to the theatrical clubs, for all of them know the theater, its traditions, its aspirations and its people. Heaven and the New York Public Library know we need such a history.

There are at present five important theatrical clubs in New York—the Players, the Lambs, the Friars, the Green Room and the National Vaudeville Artists. And, with the exception of the Players, all are situated in the theatrical district.

The Players continues in the environment of Gramercy Park, defiant of the northward march of the theater. Clinging loyally and sentimentally to the associations with which the greater part of its history is bound, it remains today, as it was a generation ago, the most dignified and



conservative of all the clubs. The building occupied by the Players Club was given to the organization by Edwin Booth, and it was there that the actor made his home in the later years of his life. It is comfortably appointed after the manner that prevails in the older clubs of the city. Valuable souvenirs of stage history, many of which belonged to Booth, are on display in its commodious rooms. Its membership is made up of men engaged in the arts—to say nothing of a little commerce.

There is much piquant history connected with the Players. For a long period in the nineties it gained a reputation for exclusiveness that met with disfavor in various so-called bohemian circles of the theater. Its most prominent members were the leading actors, painters, playwrights, novelists of the day. They were anxious to maintain the dignity of the organization upon the high standards established by Booth, and, if they occasionally carried their heads in the clouds, they did so because they sincerely be-

(Continued on page 66)



Top right, the new N. V. A. club-house, New York's newest home of a theatrical organization. Left, Theater and ballroom of the N. V. A. club-house, where special entertainments are staged



The Majas of Goya

By Sherril Schell

FROM all accounts the publishers of the Blasco Ibañez novels had no little difficulty in finding an adequate translation for the title of "La Maja Desnuda," which they brought out recently. The literal version is "The Nude Maja," but as the word "maja" has no exact English equivalent and as the slang term probably fell too harshly on the ears of the conservative Duttons, a brand new title had to be chosen, "Woman Triumphant."

One can almost hear an apologetic cough as the author hesitatingly interprets for us in an introductory paragraph, the original appellation: "Literally 'maja' means 'gaudily attired,' 'flashy,' 'arrogant,' and it was applied at the end of the eighteenth century and later to a class of women of the lower strata of Madrid society notorious for their love of dancing and fondness for exhibiting themselves conspicuously at bullfights." Thus timidly the Spanish author introduces the damsel to a Puritan world!

THE MAJAS OF GOYA

Blasco Ibañez's novel, "Woman Triumphant," arouses unusual interest in the maja of old Spain. The famous painter, Goya, immortalized the maja on canvas. Above is an impression of Goya; at the right is his "Maja Vestida" and, below, his celebrated "Maja Desnuda"



Kurt Schindler, the well-known musical director, seemed even more fidgety than Ibañez, when called upon to explain the word in the program of a recent Schola Cantorum concert. One of the numbers given by the Society was the "Maja y el Ruiseñor" from Granados' opera, "Goyescas," which the cautious Schindler defined as "The Belle and the Nightingale," which is all very well perhaps, but hardly synonymous.

Crawford Flitch, the noted English critic, is more courageous and

(Continued on page 68)



SHADOW- LAND Presents—

Photographs
Copyrighted by
E. O. Hoppe
of London

Upper left: W. J. Locke, the English novelist, because of the charm and pleasantness of his literary contributions



Upper right: John Masefield, because he is a poet of courage and distinction. His narrative poems have a headlong vigor, notably his "The Widow in the Bye Street"

Left: Lord Northcliffe, because he is one of the foremost newspaper proprietors of the world and a man of vast power in British—and likewise world—politics



My Lady Fashion

By
The Rambler

A FASHION show and a silk show, all in one week. The Rambler is at a loss for words. The fashion show was on a gray, gloomy afternoon in late winter. There was slush at the crossings, ice on the walks. The air was damp and chill. On the Avenue the shops displayed summery fabrics, sports suits and hats. "Palm Beach stuff—why aggravate us with it?" some disgruntled person muttered, dodging past with a sharp jab of the elbow. The Rambler didn't mind, knowing how the other person felt. But a few moments later the whole world seemed changed. The gray gloom, the ice, slush and chill had been left far behind. In one of the Avenue's smartest shops, far above the madding crowd, there was an almost exotic atmosphere. Softly shaded lights, the perfume of rare blossoms, the murmur of voices from smartly gowned women who waited expectantly. Down the long, softly carpeted space appeared the beautiful models for which this particular shop is famed—and we were in the midst of Spring!

If asked to mention some outstanding characteristics of this fashion exhibit we would say: short skirts, uneven hems, higher neck lines and a predominance of black and gray. Also considerable green.

Some of the skirts, to be sure, were designed to appear longer, but only to a very casual observer. Evening dresses, for instance, had many

Evening coat of gray Canton crepe with collar of monkey fur. Posed by Sadie Mullen, for Bonwit Teller & Co.

Photograph by Binger Studio



white were also effectively combined. An exquisite evening gown was of jade green tulle over soft shimmery silk. At one side, casually, unexpectedly, but oddly intriguing, was a long, trailing panel of pale rose tulle.

Modest, becoming, deemed to be immensely popular were the neck lines of these advance models. Decidedly higher than last year, both front and back and extending out to the shoulder on either side. Some of the frocks were sleeveless, but the majority had capes covering the shoulders, others reaching half way to the elbows.

Only on the formal afternoon and eve-



floating panels of chiffon, tulle, net or lace, sometimes in points, sometimes in scallops, always more or less uneven, falling to the ankles, sometimes below, but the skirt itself, of silk or satin, was very short.

One model was like a demure little Quaker in a gown of soft gray tulle with sheer gray stockings and silver slippers. Another wore a creation of gray over silver with loops of rose shaded ribbon falling from the waist line slightly below the hem of the skirt.

Black was very much in evidence for formal afternoon and dinner gowns. An evening gown, cut low under the arms and sleeveless, was of black lace, unrelieved by color. Other creations of black were of brocaded silk or satin with vest of gold or silver. Black and



ning frocks were draperies displayed. Paris sponsors both the straight and bouffant silhouette, but the American woman can be depended upon to choose and adhere to a style that is becoming—therefore she chooses a classic simplicity—fashions that transform the woman's figure into lines of youth. She is clever enough to know, too, that simplicity is subtle, that it means drapery that is artistic, not complicated, (Continued on page 80)

Left, Afternoon frock of hand embroidered batiste with real filet lace. Posed by Martha Mansfield for Bonwit Teller & Co. Top left, Sport suit of coral crepe with pipings of black satin. Top right, Sport suit of green Simbad crepe combined with white. Both suits from Lucile, Ltd. Silks from Louis Roessel

Top photographs by Underwood & Underwood; lower photograph by Apeda



Charlotte Gilchrist is the single *Shadowland* honor roll winner this month. She is an art model of considerable fame in Chicago

INTEREST in the Fame and Fortune Contest still runs high; the contest manager is still swamped with letters and unanswered questions; the pictures still flow into the office

like Tennyson's brook; the editorial staff still sits in judgment upon them. Sounds a bit monotonous, but it is most emphatically not!

The infinite variety of feminine loveliness and manly grace, coupled with the many amusing and illuminating side-lights on the contest, make it an endless source of edification and delight to its conductors. A wonderful handbook for a philosopher—this Fame and Fortune Contest.

This week we received several pages of poetry written at 3 a. m., by a nurse, keeping the vigil of the night over some poor *malade*. We hope, for her patient's sake, that she is a better nurse than she is a poet, but she suggests that we try nurses as movie heroines and states their special qualifications in a somewhat halting rhyme. Well—

The Contest Moves On

why not? All the nurses there are in the world are at liberty to submit their photographs to this contest. We repeat, it is open to everybody—housemaids, shop-girls, trained nurses, business women, rich women, kings, queens and princesses!

We have even had a photograph of a dog submitted. He was a handsome fellow and we personally were all for putting him on the honor roll, but were overruled. There is one famous dog in the movies now, whose salary is \$175 a week. But dogs are a little out of our line.

Last summer we got a pathetic letter from a forsaken husband and father, whose wife and daughter, he said, were movie-mad, and had disappeared completely. Had they submitted their photographs to our contest? Did we know anything about them at all? We were glad and sorry to say that we did not—glad to be relieved of any responsibility and sorry that we couldn't help him.

Charlotte Gilchrist, Palette and Chisel Club, Chicago, Ill., has the unique distinction of being *SHADOWLAND*'s only honor roll winner this month. Miss Gilchrist is "her infinite variety" to the 24th power. Being a whole honor roll by one's self is apparently not too much for Miss Gilchrist. She is a brunette and weighs one hundred and

eighteen pounds, and is five feet four inches in height.

We are pleased to announce in this month's *SHADOWLAND* the activities of our former contest winners. Many of them have "arrived." As the proof of the pudding is in the eating, so the proof of the contest lies in these young stars.

Blanche McGarity, another 1919 winner, played the lead in "Love's Redemption" so beautifully and acceptably that she is now able to organize her own company, to be known as the Blanche McGarity Productions. It is financed by Southern capital.

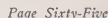
Virginia Fair, the third 1919 winner, had a contract with Universal, but left for the wider field of free-lancing.

Anita Booth, the fourth, played parts for Ralph Ince and Famous Players and is now, likewise, free-lancing.

In 1920 we gave eight awards, first honors going to Corliss Palmer. Miss Palmer played the lead in "Ramon the Sailmaker," and a comedy skit called "From Farm to Fame," two widely divergent types, which were compassed with ease by the versatile young aspirant. She is now

(Continued on page 79)

April 1, 1921, to July 1, 1921



New York Theater Clubs

(Continued from page 59)

lieved they had the interest of the club at heart.

There is an atmosphere to the Players Club that belongs to the New York of a generation ago—a quaint charm, a wholesomeness mellowed by age. Its back porches, broad and rambling, overlook a courtyard. And there in late spring and summer you will find, if you are fortunate enough to be taken there, one of the most delightful eating-places in New York.

The Lambs Club, which might be called the hub of the theater of modern Broadway, is a more aggressive organization, but one of a particularly loyal and companionable membership. Its history has been as interesting as it has been reflective of the spirit of the show shop. The club is of English origin, the first Lamb being Sir John Hare, who in the spring of 1869 conceived the idea of forming a dinner club, whose members should be chiefly drawn from the dramatic profession. He gathered together twelve friends, and on October 16, 1869, at the Gaiety Restaurant, London, the first Lambs' dinner was held. After that the meetings took place weekly, and many persons of note attended them.

Among the early members of the organization was an actor named Harry J. Montague. It happened that in 1874 Montague obtained an engagement to play a season in the United States. And he brought to New York the idea back of the Lambs in London.

During the Christmas holidays of 1874 George H. McLean invited a number of actors of the Wallack Theater company to join him in a late supper at Delmonico's. In the group were Montague, Arthur Wallack, Harry Beckett, Edward Arnott, Edward Fox and a Mr. Hurlock. So happy was the occasion that someone suggested the idea of forming then and there an informal supper club. The project was agreed upon unanimously, and immediately the group began casting about for an appropriate name. Montague seized the opportunity to speak of the London Lambs, and, upon his suggestion, the actors formed an organization, adopting the name and many of the customs of the English club.

The first supper of the New York Lambs occurred at the Maison Doree in February, 1875. After two suppers had been held there, the club had so increased in size that it was found necessary to seek larger quarters at the Union Square Hotel. From the Union Square the Lambs moved to "The Matchbox," which adjoined the old Wallack's Theater, and after holding two suppers there they returned to the Union Square and later found refuge at the Monument House, where, in 1877, they engaged the entire

second floor for their quarters. On May 10 of the same year the club was incorporated under the State law.

The history of the Lambs Club is a succession of migrations. After the death of the first Shepherd, Mr. Montague, in 1878, J. Lester Wallack was elected to the office of Shepherd, and the Lambs moved to No. 19 East Sixteenth Street, where they remained for two years. In 1880 the club secured a dwelling, No. 34 West Twenty-sixth Street, and there the Lambs remained twelve years. In 1893 the Flock ambled to 26 West Thirty-first Street.

The next moving day fell in 1897 and the new fold was at 70 West Thirty-sixth Street, where a new club-house was erected. Many gifts of books and pictures were made to the club, and the building was furnished luxuriously from top to bottom. The large expenditure necessary for this home laid the Lambs under a heavy indebtedness which inspired the projection of a Gambol that was regarded as the most brilliant enterprise of its kind in theatrical history. The plan of this undertaking originated with Augustus Thomas, and the Gambol was presented at the Metropolitan Opera House on May 24, 1898. Performances were given in other cities, and the cast included many of the foremost men in the dramatic and musical professions. The total receipts of the enterprise amounted to \$62,000—an insignificant sum compared to the receipts of such entertainments today—and, after all the expenses of the club were paid, there remained a sufficient balance to clear the organization of every outstanding debt.

The Flock thrived so rapidly in Thirty-sixth Street that another hegira was necessary, and on September 1, 1905, the club entered its present fold at 128 West Forty-fourth Street. Ten years later the Lambs added the site occupied by two private dwellings, adjoining their club-house, in order to take care of their growing membership.

The Lambs Club is now one of the most imposing club-houses in the city. Designed by Stanford White, it is a combination of the Colonial and the Renaissance schools. Passing thru the marbled vestibule, one is immediately struck with the prevailing air of space, convenience and comfort. Beyond the office is the grill-room in dark woods and red-tiled floor and the billiard-room. The second and third floors are devoted to the reading-rooms, a library, a miniature theater where private gambols are held and the dining-room richly decorated in white, red and gold, with furniture of mahogany. The upper floors are used for sleeping quarters.

There is an air of breezy bohemianism

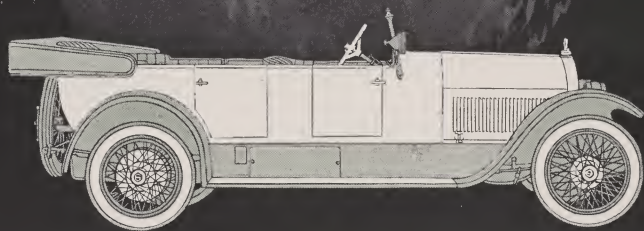
about the Lambs. Good fellowship is the keynote of the organization. The private gambols are an entertaining feature. These usually comprise a skit written by a playwright member and an olio of acts. Good-natured railery is the distinguishing mark of the entertainments. No one is spared in the satiric jabs that are thrust from the stage. The casts of the skits are selected with an eye always to democracy. At many a performance many of the most notable actors have filled parts in which there was not a line, while comparatively obscure players were assigned to the leading roles.

J. Lester Wallack held the post of Shepherd from 1878 to 1888, with the exception of some intervening years when it was occupied by Harry Beckett and W. J. Florence. Since then the post has been filled by John R. Brady, Edmund H. Holland, Clay M. Greene, Thomas B. Clarke, DeWolf Hopper, Wilton Lackaye, Augustus Thomas, Joseph R. Grismer, William Courtleigh and R. H. Burnside, who is the present Shepherd.

The Friars was originally a press agents' club. But it was not long before its scope was broadened to include actors, managers, playwrights and others identified with the theater. The organization was founded one Saturday evening in September, 1904, at Browne's Chop House. Those present at the initial meeting were Charles Emerson Cook, Bronson Douglas, Burton Emmett, John S. Flaherty, Philip Mindil, Mason Peters, Channing Pollock, John W. Rumsey, Harry C. Schwab and William Raymond Sill. At first the organization was called the Press Agents' Association, and that name continued until 1907, when at the Café des Beaux Arts, where weekly meetings had been held for two years, "The Friars" was suggested by Frederick F. Schrader, when asked by the President, Wells Hawks, "Who will name this child?" A new constitution was adopted early in June, 1907.

The Friars' first club-house was at No. 107 West Forty-fifth Street. This building was vacated in 1915 for more commodious quarters at 110 West Forty-eighth Street. Here a pretentious club-house, built upon the model of a monastery, offers to Friars numerous advantages that they were not able to obtain in their former quarters. The Friars have utilized the ideas of the monks of the fifteenth century for their furniture and decorations. Simplicity and comfort are conveyed thruout. The benches and tables and wall wood are of chestnut, and are stained black. Many pictures of friars—some jolly, some grave, some—a few—look upward, but most are of the

(Continued on page 71)



Stutz has not changed with each whim of
fashion—its distinguished lines are stabilized
STUTZ MOTOR CAR CO. OF AMERICA, INC., Indianapolis, U. S. A.

The Majas of Goya

(Continued from page 60)

his spirited prose enables us to see her more clearly:

"She was an explosive, flashy young woman, with a taste for finery in dress and jewels, and you must not be too curious in questioning how she found the means to gratify it. She herself would probably tell you that she kept a flower stall or helped in a shop, and we must take her word for it. The *maja*, her masculine companion, who did a little tinkering or huckstering in his more strenuous moments, shared her passion for extravagance in attire, her indolence, arrogance, audacity and fire. Together they combined in a single character the swagger of Andalusia, the gaiety of Valencia, the somber *fougue* of Castile. Both were inflamed by a fierce patriotism, if the meaning of that ill-used word may be extended to imply a passionate attachment to the national costume and a hearty detestation of the French. The *maja* was closely akin to the *manola*, and the ancestress of the *chula* of the present day."

After all, one need not wander far from Broadway to meet her; "gaudily attired," "flashy," "arrogant," are not these adjectives only too descriptive of a certain, vivid person of whom the *maja* is the prototype? As she is Spanish, however, romance hovers round her and, as Goya painted her, there is forever glamour at the mere mention of her name. In a multitude of canvases from the roistering eighteenth century master down to Zuloaga and Pinazo she peeps out at us, seductive,—disturbing, and in the latter day novels of Iberia she turns up with the frequency of the proverbial bad penny.

Goya was himself something of a *majo*—a dandy, a *charmeur de femmes*, he knew the lady to the core. The hot blooded painter who never showed a disposition to shirk adventure, strolled with her in the Plaza Mayor, picnicked with her on the banks of the Manzanares, sat by her side at the *corrida*, and it is he above all others who has given us the most striking as well as the most charming elucidation.

The most famous of his "*Majas*," the "*Maja Desnuda*," from which Blasco Ibañez took his title and the "*Maja Vestida*," present the lady in her most devastating aspect. Gossip has it that the model for the two pictures was none other than the great Duchess of Alba, but there may be no truth in the tittle-tattle.

Eighteenth century *grandes dames* not unlike our fashionables of today found it agreeable to imitate the dress and man-

ners of the "petites dames." The duchess was the chief ornament of a circle which is usually described in motion picture captions as "gay." To say that it was the court circle, the astonishing group which revolved around Queen Maria Luisa and her handsome stalwart, Manuel Godoy, is not to imply that in manners or taste it was superior to a company of bull-fighters and their *chicas*. This odd, tawdry and somewhat provincial crew trying to copy the French court in its brilliant pageant of vice and doing it rather dingly, presented a meaner spectacle than that of the poorer and robust classes caught up in the same whirlpool of moral aberration. There was a frankness, a certain national tang about the *maja* and *majo* of the period which contrasted more than favorably with the awkward affectations of the Palacio Bourbon.

Altho the Duchess of Alba was a very great lady indeed, at heart she was a *maja*; impulsive, showy, audacious, she could have joined in the revels of a company of bohemians in the Maravillas quarter of Madrid and have been quite in the picture. In his paintings Goya caught his aristocratic model in many moods, brazen, dreamy, light hearted and sad. In the two *maja* portraits the expression if anything is sly, critical and hard. As likenesses they cannot be judged, however, as the painter's chief interest was in the body, the faces are only sketched in. In both the pose is the same, the model reclines upon a long divan covered with white cushions, her hands entwined above her head. In the "*Vestida*" portrait her costume is a modification of that of the torero. It is a long white garment with bolero jacket of yellow and light pink sash. It is a good picture, but pallid when compared with the "*Desnuda*." All the vigor, skill and dash of the great painter went into this canvas.

Of all the nudes of Europe, critics agree that it is the nudest. Goya here was not interested in the spiritual or poetic aspect of his subject, but only as an animal or as an anatomical specimen. Knowing the ardent and turbulent character of the man it is difficult to reconcile the cold detachment with which he viewed his model. Every delicate muscle seems throbbing, every hair tingling with life, but we feel that a surgeon, scalpel in hand, is looking at her. She is essentially the modern woman with all the subtlety and *nerve* of modern femininity. She is as unlike the Greek woman as if she were of another species or sex and she has but remote kinship to the elemental, splendid nymphs of the Italian

masters. She is the triumphant woman of our era, the woman who has at last gaged her power and is determined to use it.

At the Hispanic Museum in New York in one of the greatest of Goya's canvases we see the Duchess again as a *maja*. This time she is the patrician who deigns to wear a costume not of her class. She stands in the middle of the scene in black gown and mantilla, proud, imperious, her face pale and the expression of her eyes like one under a spell or of one who had wept until there were no more tears. In grave melancholy she stands with her finger pointed to the place on the ground where Goya's name is written. All the tragedy of their love is immortalized here,—a haunting picture in its feeling of sadness and doom.

After seeing this painting it is something of a relief to recall that charming scene in which the lady is again depicted as a *maja*, posed in company with Goya. Here she is the real *maja*, sprightly, volatile, merry,—a true child of the people. Her pale, inscrutable face, looks out of many a cartoon and canvas of her painter lover but never does she seem so irresponsible and care-free as in this enchanting setting.

There was a veritable passion among the great ladies of her time to be painted as *majas*, like unto the craze at Marie Antoinette's court to pose as *bergerees*. But while the French painters never allow us to forget the masquerade, Goya perhaps stressed the more vulgar characteristics of his sitters to make them more in harmony with their garments. Thus in his fine portraits of the Marquesa de Santiago and the Condesa de Fernan-Nunez we are not looking at the grande dame but rather at a bold-eyed jade, the companion of the *picaro*.

In the Santa Barbara tapestry cartoons we find some bewitching groups of *majas*, somewhat reminiscent in treatment of the *fêtes galantes* of Watteau, but full of individuality and saturated with the bitter sweet flavor of Spain. The early pages of the collection of etchings called "*Caprichos*" show the *maja* again but this time in a more sinister aspect, for these drawings were made in Goya's period of disillusionment when he was unable to see anything *couleur de rose*. After glancing over them, we turn again to the cartoons, preferring to remember our *maja* as the painter saw her with his more youthful and eager eyes,—light hearted, gay, her fan fluttering, her mantilla raised with provoking gesture, flitting thru the world to the click of castanet and the thrum of guitar.

Motion Picture Magazine for May

What did the humming-bird say to the rose before he flew away to the lily?

What does the man say to the maid that makes her laugh while he whispers and weep when he seeks the pink ear of another flower?

Tho we may never be able to tell exactly the brand of magnetism the he-vampire uses to lure the maid, yet we can tell you how he conducts himself and what he thinks, when his actions are not being shadowed on the silversheet, in the interview of

LEW CODY
by Gladys Hall

To England, Europe and the Far East went many of the charming cinema stars during the summer and autumn for vacation. And lo, upon their return they glow with brighter lights than before and have more courageous convictions. Especially thus is

ELSIE FERGUSON

whose word picture is given by Hazel Simpson Naylor, for the May Magazine.

The most beautiful woman of America must have some ideas on the subject of what constitutes beauty and how it may be preserved and enhanced. This woman is

CORLISS PALMER

and her next article of the series which will appear in May Magazine is

BEAUTY'S CROWN

An editorial of great merit has been prepared by Edward Knoblock, the author of "Tiger Tiger" and "One."

Other things you will find in the May Magazine:

Adele Whitely Fletcher's interview with Mary Miles Minter.

"Things You Never Knew About the Movies," by Malcolm Oettinger.

The personality stories of Agnes Ayres, Helen Eddy and Harrison Ford.

"The Heart of Maryland," a tense story of love and war adapted from the new Catherine Calvert picture.



Age-Old Mistakes

Are still made in teeth cleaning

Countless people who brush teeth daily find they still discolor and decay. The reason is, they leave the film—that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

That film causes most tooth troubles. To clean the teeth without removing it is one age-old mistake.

Film ruins teeth

Few people escape the trouble caused by film. Those troubles have been constantly increasing. So dental science has spent years in seeking a combatant.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which fer-

ments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Combat it daily

Modern science has found ways to combat that film. Able authorities have proved them by many clinical tests. Now leading dentists everywhere advise their daily application.

The methods are embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And to millions of people it has brought a new era in teeth cleaning.

Other essential effects

Pepsodent brings other effects to accord with modern dental requirements. Right diet would also bring them, but few people get it. So science now urges that the tooth paste bring them, twice a day.

Each use of Pepsodent multiplies the salivary flow. That is Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling and may form acid. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay. Another ingredient is pepsin.

These results are natural and essential. Millions of teeth are ruined because people do not get them.

Watch the change which comes when you use Pepsodent. Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears. Read in our book the reasons for each good effect. This test will change your whole conception of clean teeth.

Cut out the coupon now.

PAT. OFF.
Pepsodent
REG. U.S.
The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, whose every application brings five desired effects. Approved by highest authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY

Dept. 539, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

.....
.....
.....
ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

Motion Picture CLASSIC for May

What kind of magazine are you looking for?

One that is worthy of a place on the library table?

One that you would like to read and discuss with your friends?

It is CLASSIC!

CLASSIC abounds in artistic layouts and picture pages. In fact, its name and its fame are based on its artistic photographs and camera studies of exponents of the cinema.

The May issue of this magazine is a novel combination of the brilliant, the instructive and the bizarre.

Unusually attractive is the gallery of screen celebrities.

Exceptionally unique are the personality stories.

GLADYS LESLIE

who is welcomed back to the screen after a year's absence and is playing opposite **Lionel Barrymore**, is the subject of a delightful word picture by **Frederick James Smith**.

There is the story of

DOROTHY PHILLIPS

by **Adele Whitely Fletcher**

which intrigues the interest from beginning to end. Miss Phillips has made a tremendous hit in "Man, Woman, Marriage" and boasts a husband who is also lover and director.

Lucy Fox, a new arrival on the silver-screen, gives promise of a brilliant future and relates her experiences and ambitions in an interview.

As the newest and best of photo-plays are put into story form by well known writers for each issue of CLASSIC, it follows that Norma Talmadge's new picture, "The Passion Flower," and Elsie Ferguson's recent release, "Sacred and Profane Love," will appear in delightful fiction form in

The May Issue of Motion Picture CLASSIC



Lines o' Beauty

HAIR is, without question, woman's supreme glory. Without its regal nimbus, she is but an uncrowned queen. One may admire a lovely face, fineness of feature and contour, but one's admiration is tempered with regret if the hair that frames it is scanty, dull, lifeless.

However, for every ill under the sun there is a cure. The woman with thin, short, lusterless hair need not despair. And there is the ounce of prevention—which is worth ever so many pounds of cure.

To begin with, know your own hair. This is a matter of judgment rather than experiment. Is your hair dry, oily or normal? Treat it according to its need. Find the proper remedy and then stick to it.

If your hair is oily and stringy it should be washed every two weeks or ten days, according to its condition. Whether you use a cream shampoo, an egg shampoo or a soap shampoo, be sure to rinse the hair at least three times. Oily hair is usually dust-laden hair and the scalp is likely to be covered with dandruff, and as the oil and dandruff tend to make the hair very sticky, thorough rinsing is necessary.

First in importance in care of the hair is scrupulous cleanliness of the scalp. It is a fact that the hair will be either dry and dull or luxuriantly brilliant, stiff and harsh or soft and wavy according to the care bestowed upon the scalp.

The most effective remedy for dandruff since earliest days has been sulphur but, formerly no means were known by which sulphur could be made soluble in water or other liquids. It was possible to use it only in greasy pomades or washes, and when so used it formed a very troublesome sediment which made the hair sticky.

Now, however, the endeavors to render sulphur soluble have been crowned with success and there is a reliable hair tonic with soluble sulphur as its base. It is clear as crystal, free from grease and sediment. It cleanses the scalp in the simplest, most agreeable manner, does not leave the hair sticky, and it can be done right up after using without the slightest trouble.

If the hair has an excess of oil, a dry

massage is very useful to relieve the congestion of the sebaceous glands and stimulate the circulation. An excellent massage is to place the fingers upon a particular part of the scalp, as, for instance, just back of the ears. Keep them there and move the scalp backward and forward and from side to side. Transfer the fingers to another place and continue the massage until every part of the scalp is loose and flexible.

Oily hair needs a special lotion to tone up the sebaceous glands and remove that stringy, matted look so often seen in oily hair. When the hair lacks oil it should be shampooed only once a month, but a tonic with oil as its base should be massaged vigorously into the scalp twice a week.

When the hair is dry, brittle and the ends are split, be careful about drying it too quickly with artificial heat. Do not use soap with drying qualities and see that your brush and comb are not worn or broken.

When the hair and scalp have been given due attention, there is the question of hairdressing. First, it is now fashionable to keep the color of the hair as nature made it. It is no longer the thing to change the hair to auburn, golden, or raven. Nature is coming into her own and is teaching us that our own color hair fits best with our own features.

We are also learning that by arranging our hair in the most becoming way, we are also arranging it stylishly. Choose your own individual style of hairdressing, then adhere to it, with few variations. Study the contour of your face, the profile, then experiment. There is a becoming mode for every face.

Some women use a little brillianine on the hair to give it luster and keep it in order. Others accomplish this by a clever choice of hair nets. A gold hair net will wake up dull mouse-colored hair into changing shades of brown. A red hair net will bring coppery tones to brown hair. Take care to choose and arrange

the net carefully. It will spoil the most carefully arranged hair if you do not. Don't buy a net that is too cheap—it does

(Continued on page 80)



New York Theater Clubs

(Continued from page 66)

earth earthy. Vibert and Rinaldi, master painters of monks, are represented in notable prints and etchings. The library is the gift of John W. Rumsey.

The Friars hold "Frolics" which are similar to the Lambs' "Gambols" in scope and intent. In recent years they have taken their public "Frolie" on tour to most profitable results. As the membership includes many of the most noted and versatile entertainers of the stage, the "Frolie" attracts enormous patronage wherever it is presented. John J. Gleason is the present Abbot of the organization, having succeeded George M. Cohan, who resigned, following the tempestuous war between the actors and managers in the late summer of 1919. There is a persistent rumor that Mr. Cohan has been induced to rejoin the organization and that he will be re-elected to his old office of Abbot.

The Green Room Club, at No. 139 West Forty-seventh Street, had its origin at a special meeting of Edwin Forrest Lodge, Actors' Order of Friendship, on July 18, 1902. An article in the *Dramatic Mirror* announced the results of that meeting as follows: "The club will be independent of the order. Stock will be sold to cover the necessary expenses of remodeling and furnishing the building, No. 139 West Forty-seventh Street, which is owned by the Lodge. One floor will be fitted up exclusively as lodge rooms, all the rest of the building being given over to the club. There will be three classes of members; all members of Actors' Order of Friendship; actors eligible to membership in the order; managers, agents, musicians and persons in sympathy with the profession and the membership and objects of the club. The club will be known as the Green Room Club. The following members of the lodge are on the various committees—W. H. Crane, DeWolf Hopper, Milton Nobles, Clay M. Greene, Stuart Robson, Thomas McGrath, Frank W. Sanger, Charles Dickson, Eugene Jepson and William Harris.

The Green Room Club was not formed to aspire to rivalry with or opposition to any club in New York. Probably half or two-thirds of the original members were members of Edwin Forrest Lodge and as such were also members of the Players and Lambs. They were among the most active organizers of the Green Room. They hoped to give to the Green Room certain characteristics not practicable at the other clubs with their mixed membership. Had it not been called the Green Room it would have been known undoubtedly as the Shop Talk Club.

A wholesome spirit of camaraderie prevails at the Green Room. The club privileges are within the reach of all its members. "Revels" and "Rehearsals" performed at regular intervals by the

(Continued on page 76)



Keeps the Hair Wavy a Long Time— Keeps It Beautifully Glossy

"I often find Liquid Silmerine valuable in my work, especially when I am in a hurry to arrange my coiffure, and particularly for scenes where I must 'look my prettiest.' It imparts that lovely sheen or lustre which shows to such advantage under changing lights." *May Allison*



Many other popular screen stars extol the virtues of this unique product. A great many women now regard Liquid Silmerine as a real necessity. Splendid as a dressing, as well as for keeping the hair curly and wavy. Easily applied. Is neither sticky nor greasy. Perfectly harmless.

Liquid Silmerine

We do not fill mail orders

PARKER, BELMONT & CO.
134 W. Madison Street Chicago

Announcement

These are the official photographers of Brewster Publications, Inc.: Charles Albin, 1931 Broadway, New York City, phone 1716 Columbus; Samuel Lumiere, 574 Fifth Avenue, New York City, phone Bryant 5807; and Nickolas Murray, 129 McDougal Street, New York City, phone Spring 6321. All movie and stage stars are invited to sit for any of these celebrated artists at our expense, and all others are recommended to do so at their own. Brewster Publications, Inc., 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York.

Beauty and How to Possess It

Women! Girls! Write today—get full particulars of the world's greatest books ever written on beauty—"Science of Beauty" in 8 volumes—8 marvelous books on beauty. They contain in excess of 70,000 words—scientifically cover over 250 subjects and thoroughly explain how to eradicate every known barrier to beauty; diet to gain weight; diet to lose weight and beauty of form through exercise. Nothing like them ever printed. It took over 6 years of research work and cost in excess of \$20,000 to prepare these wonderful books for the press. They are endorsed by eminent medical authority; used by motion picture stars; recommended by specialists; consulted by society and should be in the hands of every woman.

Special Limited Offer — Only 10,000 sets to be sold at a fraction over the cost of a novel. Write today—get our 5 days free examination offer and full particulars of our limited, rock-bottom offer on the entire set. Do it now while this special money-saving offer is open to you.

BURLINGTON PUBLISHING CO., Inc. Dept. 111, 15 Park Row, N.Y.



MARGUERITE ARMSTRONG, the "Internal Star" says "Science of Beauty" is the most interesting of its kind I have ever read.

"I have just finished reading your excellent work 'Science of Beauty.' It is the most interesting of its kind I have ever read. It seems to me that many women desire of improving their looks and health will find it to their advantage to study 'Science of Beauty' and benefit from the many valuable suggestions therein."

Cordially,
(Signed) MARGUERITE ARMSTRONG



Quality Always Wins

In every walk of life, doing something better than the other fellow spells Success. Boston Garter's success is just a matter of being ahead in quality and workmanship, giving wearers the greatest amount of satisfaction.

GEORGE FROST COMPANY, BOSTON
Makers of
Velvet Grip Hose Supporters
for Women, Misses and Children

Playing Cards For Your Winter's Fun

There are yet a great many of the old-fashioned sort of people who enjoy tranquil, quiet evenings and a game of cards that is interesting without being unduly exciting. Not everyone has time to master the intricacies of bridge, whist, the more modern games. Not everyone enjoys them.

Here is a game that is restful yet jolly, easy yet piquant, entertaining—even educational—because it acquaints one with the names and faces of the best artists of the stage and screen. Why not lay aside your old games and try our STAGE PLAYING CARDS? There are 52 cards and joker, daintily painted in pastel shades of pink, cream, green and gold, gold-edged and highly flexible, each card bearing the photograph of some popular player on its back.

These cards need not be hidden when not in use; they are an ornament to any living-room table, and in offering them to you at 65c we are giving you an unusual opportunity to add to your store of winter's fun.

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, INC.
175 Duffield Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

Your Skin Can Be Quickly Cleared of

PIMPLES

Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the face or body, Enlarged Pores, Oily or Shiny Skin. Write today for my Free booklet, "A Clearer Face Skin," telling how I cured myself after being afflicted 15 years. \$1,000 Cash says I can clear your skin of the above blemishes.

E. S. GIVENS,

235 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Glimpses of Japanese Gardens

(Continued from page 47)

The garden of Ginkakuji has served for centuries as the favorite model for designers of gardens, both sacred and secular. The temple was built by the Shogun Ashikaga Yoshimasa after his abdication and the garden was designed for him by the artist Soami. At Yoshimasa's death it became a Buddhist temple, and just as the buildings have stood unharmed for nearly four centuries and a half, so the garden with its paths, its islets, its bridges, its curious heaps of white sand, and its great red goldfish swimming in clear and quiet pools, has been preserved in its original contours. Each of the landmarks, as well as all the growing things in its intricate acre, are named and known to thousands of pilgrims throughout the realm. Trees and shrubs have seeded their successors and preserved since the days of Yoshimasa the same texture of perennial green against the steep mountainside under which the garden nestles.

Ginkakuji has been the prototype of countless other gardens in Japan, not only because of its exquisite perfection but also because its small scale puts it within range of wide-spread imitation, just as Anne Hathaway's dooryard at Shottery has been the inspiration for most of the formal English gardens in modern Britain and in our own country. All of the Kyoto temple gardens, however, are not so diminutive, and they range from the hill-side terraces of Kiyomizu to the level enclosures round the unusually imposing structures of Nishi-Honganji and Higashi-Honganji. In contrast with the evergreens of Ginkakuji, the slopes of Kiyomizu are clothed in maples, maples as large as our own and as small as a potted plant, maples with great, broad leaves and with foliage so delicately serrated that you would think a summer breeze might rend it. All Kyoto comes to Kiyomizu when the autumn turns the maples red and gold. Chion-in, in turn, is famed for its gravel paths among curiously cut pines, for its carved stone and bronze lanterns, and for its pools where water-lilies make August memorable. Nishi-Honganji and Higashi-Honganji are the head temples of the two most important Buddhist sects. Both of them are equally old, historically, but the present structure of the latter replaces a series destroyed by fire. Legend says that a sacred tree in the fine old garden of the sister temple, closely adjoining on the west, has saved it from a similar fate by spraying water over its walls and roof whenever Higashi burned. The garden of Higashi can boast no such natural guardian, and the practical Japanese of today have installed in lieu of it an automatic sprinkler. Of all the Kyoto gardens, tho, the least artificial and the most natural to the Western eye is the park and lake at the rear of Heian-jingu, laid out only twenty-five years ago in commemoration of the eleventh century

of the Emperor Kammu. There is something about it which indicates that the Japanese of today have traveled far from Nippon in recent years and have brought back home an appreciation of a more ample scale of structure and landscape, which they have discovered in China and in the nations to the West. And yet with all its broader paths, its long and substantial colonnaded bridge spanning a sizable lake, and its island retreat reached by huge stepping-stones like marble pillars cut off at their bases, Heian-jingu is replete with typical evidences of Japanese tradition. Its irises are scattered in tiny clumps at the water's edge. Sometimes a single flower raises its head, ten inches across, from the mud. And its pines are cut and trained into grotesque shape. One of them, I remember, grows from a rock and extends horizontally out over the water and not more than six inches above it.

Tokio, the present capital, has its temples and its temple gardens, too, but in comparison with Kyoto it is a modern city, with parks after the Occidental manner rather than the intimate and time-flavored retreats of its predecessor in imperial importance. Hibiy, Shiba, Ueno and Asakusa Parks are vast public playgrounds and promenades where the cherry and the maple in spring and autumn attract thousands of merry-makers. Under the Shoguns, tho, Tokio, then known as Yeddo, was rich with pomp and circumstance. The temples built by the Tokugawas, first and greatest of the Shoguns, still stand in Shiba Park as monuments to their power. Their gardens are uninteresting and insignificant as compared with those of the Kyoto temples, and their chief beauty lies in their groves of natural forest trees.

The most astonishing of all the temple gardens of this island empire is an island itself—the incomparable Itsukushima-aki, popularly known as Miyajima. Guarded by a towering Torii whose base is submerged only when the tide is flood, the entire island is sacred ground in the Shinto faith. Back of the shrine, which is built out over the water, the ground rises in terraced ravines to a summit overlooking the broad expanse of the Inland Sea. Here the ingenious hand of the landscape artist has interfered less with the normal course of nature, but his artifice is evident in the paths which the brooks follow down the hillsides, in the vantage points for a seeker after beauty up the vale of maples, or Momijidani, and in occasional trees of fantastic shape. Altho the flowers of Nippon run their annual course, Miyajima is not a spot of brilliant color at any time of the year, and in this respect it differs not at all from far less spacious gardens. Its artifice, too, like that of all the rest, is casual and varied, the utter pole of the symmetry of

(Continued on page 75)

The Movies in Movement

(Continued from page 42)

must not be filled with a single song.

The main error of the opponents of the cinema is that they never take into account the people for whom the cinema labors. They know nothing of poverty in an industrial town. They do not know the dulness of the laborer lost in a cottage on the prairie. They exist on pale blue emotions, on Russian ballet emotions, or without emotions. They have what they need, and see no reason why other people should have what they want. Or why they should have anything at all. The man who has spent a few months in a tiny town knows what the cinema has brought to the people. It has brought something where there was nothing. Some time ago, in Scotland, I came across a cinema, laden on a motor car, and touring districts where no inhabitant had ever been in a theater. I don't want to exaggerate; I don't want to say that the cinema brings uniformly good things on to the screen; I know quite well that most of the dramas are crude, their plots absurd, the sentimentality of the love affairs nauseating, the patriotism mechanical, the religiosity wooden. I know all that, but I don't think it fair to judge a form of art by the worst it produces, and to say that is all it can produce. Take the novel, for instance. Have you ever read a dime novel? Have you ever read the eloquent passage in "The Heir of Vering," by the late Charles Garvice, where the heir sits down at breakfast to a bottle of Chateau Lafitte? If you have; if you have been shocked by the idiotic appearance of claret at that time of the morning, do you, because the novels of Mr. Garvice, and those of most (yes, most) novelists are imbecile, do you for that reason say that the novel is not a form of art?

The continual comparison of the cinema with the theater, is another point of injustice. Why ever should one demand of the cinema what one demands of the drama? They are different forms. The superficial person replies: "Pardon me, they are not different. Both the cinema and the theater present drama." But I say, no: all over the world the Russian ballet has had an immense success . . . in theaters. And does anybody complain because Madame Karsavina does not sing duets with Mr. Massine? In my view, the cinema is a form of art entirely different from the others. Assuming that the film has not yet produced a work of art (which I am inclined to dispute), it does not follow that it will never do so. Anyhow, no good will be done by refusing to notice it, for it will not allow itself to be overlooked. The only way for the high-brow to become once more an honest man is to get away from the confusion between the word "cinema" and the word "photograph." Just because real, fleshly people do not move before their eyes, they conclude that the whole

thing is mechanical; they allow hardly anything for the very able acting, and for the very careful, sometimes subtle production. If they want to be fair, they must acknowledge that the cinema is to the actor, dramatist and producer, what the piano is to the musician. Let them attack the tunes now played on this piano, but do not let them say that no good tunes can ever be played on it; they just don't know.

2.

The foregoing does not mean that I think nothing can be said against the cinema. I am quite prepared to make the high-brow a present of all the crudity and vulgarity that can be found on the films. I accept that most of the historical subjects the cinema has handled have been soiled by the vulgar imposition of "sob-stuff," "punch," "heart-touch" and "big human drama." I am ready to concede that most film work is in the hands of crude people. I will agree that the cinema tends to increase the crudity of its adherents by giving them low mental habits. I confess that it is almost entirely commercial. I grant that sillier things have been shown on the film than most of us could have thought of. I will agree to all that; I will give the high-brows most of the cinema's past and most of its present. But of its future I will give them nothing at all.

Let us consider a little more in detail what can be said against the film. From my point of view, the attack should be delivered not upon the worst films, because that is too easy and proves nothing, but upon the best. That does not engage the future, but it improves the case of the high-brows against the present and the past. Consider, for instance, "The Birth of a Nation." It contains a certain amount of nonsense; the riders of the Ku Klux Klan are dressed up as in pantomime; the domestic scenes in the South are mawkish; the final scene, where little children are gathered round the Savior, is absurd and inappropriate. But that is all. The rest is magnificent. The emotion of North vs. South seizes one before the first reel is done; the battle scenes, the street fights, are terrible, and make a civilian understand the horror of war; Lincoln is indeed made into a hero. Was it not worth doing? Was it not worth while to show the world such a terrible episode as the War of Secession? To make history come alive?

Then take the "Eternal Evil," the story of a shop-girl supporting an impoverished family, unable to afford new boots, and led astray because she could no longer bear her broken boots in the rain. Of this, Sir Sidney Low (barrister, editor, professor and historian) says in *Fortnightly Review* of May, 1920: "This is not silly, but its moral is not that set forth on the program. The reformers might employ themselves with the sim-

The "J. H." Tonneau or Rear Seat SHIELD

Registered U. S. Patent Office, Pat. Feb. 27, 1912;
June 1, 1920. Other Patents Pending. "Our Patents
Have Been Upheld by the U. S. Court of Appeals."

Brings Comfort to the Rear Seats—



YOU are not getting all the joy out of your car if you know that your women friends and guests, in their tonneau seats, are suffering discomforts not felt by the driver. What you need is the "J. H." Tonneau, or Rear Seat Shield, the exclusive, patent protected invention that protects the rear seats from cold, wind and dust.

THE "J. H." is adjustable and can be moved close to the passengers when desired, and when not in use, can be folded down behind the driver's seat, taking no more room than a robe.

THE "J. H." is guaranteed not to rattle or make noise, has no defects, there are thousands of uses, giving the driver's guests the same comfort with touring car travel.

Asking for Booklet "SH" places you under no obligation

The Tonneau Shield Co., Inc.
47 West 63rd St., at Broadway
Phone Circle 5640 New York City



Aspirin

Then It's Genuine

Unless you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for 21 years and proved safe by millions.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer manufacture of Monaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

REDUCE YOUR FLESH

Exactly where desired by wearing

DR. WALTER'S
Famous Medicated

Rubber Garments

For Men and Women

Cover the entire body or any part. Endorsed by leading physicians. Send for illustrated Booklet.

Dr. Jeanne S. L. Walter
353 Fifth Avenue New York
Billings Building, 4th Floor
Room 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

Bust Reducer, Price \$6.00
Chin Reducer, Price \$2.50

"Ramon, the Sailmaker"

WHAT was the attraction of the great, hairy-chested, unkempt Ramon for the dainty, exquisite group of society women who followed him about? What was it that made an otherwise proud little heroine humble herself before him? And why wasn't his the usual way of a man with a maid?

Ask your exhibitor to book it so you may see it at your favorite theater, and find out these curious things for yourself.

"Ramon, the Sailmaker"

is a beautiful romantic comedy. Its story is romantic and original. It is a pretentious and ambitious five-reel feature film, far above the ordinary.

The star, or rather stars, are Miss Corliss Palmer, winner of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest; Orville Caldwell, the lead in the great spectacle, "Mecca," now playing to crowded houses in New York City; Allene Ray, another beautiful winner of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest.

Miss Palmer is a Macon, Georgia, girl, with the usual irresistible charm of the South. She has a decided flair for the screen, and an instinctive grasp of dramatic ethics, all of which make a voluntary and invaluable contribution to her part as a young society girl with artistic ambitions, in "RAMON, THE SAILMAKER."

Mr. Caldwell represents a type of masculine beauty and strength which is ideal to most women. His ability has been proven. He plays the title part, Ramon, a beautiful, wonderful, brute-male sort of creature.

The rest of the cast has been chosen with the careful selection usually accorded only to stars. Some of them are Honor Roll members of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest. This is in itself a guarantee of their appearance and ability.

DATE OF RELEASE TO BE ANNOUNCED LATER

For further particulars, address

Brewster Publications

175 DUFFIELD STREET
Brooklyn, New York

The Movies in Movement

pler and more practical task of promoting legislation." Simpler! Our learned friend has the hardihood to suggest that it is *simpler* to pass laws in Parliament and to amend the economic system than to wake up public opinion! I tell him, without any fear of contradiction, that no laws of that sort will ever get thru parliament in any country until public opinion is thoroly informed of the evil. "The Eternal Evil" helps to do that. If it is "simpler" to pass a law than to work upon the public thru films, then we had no use for "Nicholas Nickleby" and the exposure of the bad schools; it would have been "simpler" to pass a law. We don't want any newspapers to expose, say the drug traffic. It is "simpler" to pass a law.

Leaving aside this absurd point of view, let us consider a few more films. There is "Intolerance," like "The Birth of a Nation," the work of Mr. D. W. Griffith, who has many ideas, much breadth of mind, and a taste which does not always fail. Here again, we have historical scenes and a valuable stress upon the need for religious and political charity. There are blemishes, of course. The recurrent figure of the woman rocking the cradle wearies by its frequency, and is the product of crude taste. The story of the mountain girl is silly. But the scenes in Babylon clearly touch art. This, by the way, applies to "The Eternal Evil," where, pallid and exhausted, some honest pathos struggles toward art thru a morass of obvious sentiment.

Another film that occurs to me is "Broken Blossoms." That one is wonderful, because in one hour and three-quarters, I found only one thing suited to an asylum for the feeble-minded. The story is that of a little girl, beaten and bullied by her father, a drunken pugilist; succored by an idealistic young Chinaman; murdered by her father; and left as a dead romance to the sweetness of the Asiatic. In that film the silly thing is this: the child has so often been beaten, is so wretched and starved, that it cannot smile. When the brute commands it to smile, it has to form a grin upon its face by pushing up with two fingers the corners of its mouth. Idiotic, of course, but that alone cannot wreck the film, which is restrained, graceful, moving; the acting is superb; artistic truth is met, for the child is no cupid; it is ugly, dragged, dirty. On "Broken Blossoms" alone, I would assert that the film can produce works of art.

Of course, we must recognize that these films are highly dramatic . . . but is that a fault? Has not mankind always sought drama in the theater? Why should it not seek drama on the film? Drama can, it is true, go too far. Perhaps "Auction of Souls" went too far. Perhaps Sir Sidney Low is entitled to complain that "Auction of Souls" was decorated with heart interest. He objects to the introduction of a chivalrous

mountaineer and to the swelling up of a minor character to fit a feature actress. He finds that the effect was missed because the Turks were fairy-tale characters, and because the medium compelled the film to satisfy a craving for sensational incident and familiar, cheap sentiment. That is so in this case . . . but it is not the medium that demands sensation and cheap sentiment. It is the audience. All audiences have always demanded the worst from all the arts; they have always obtained it, but, mixed in with the worst, they have now and then obtained the best, while, invariably, as time went on, the bad died and the good survived. There is nothing the matter with the medium.

In another order of ideas we find the social films, such as "Where Are My Children?" and "The End of the Road," which need not delay us, because they are propaganda films and make no attempt to produce a work of art. I mention them only because they help to make up the case for the cinema by demonstrating that important sociological facts can, thru the film, be brought to every village, to villages that no theatrical company ever visits, and where the Sunday paper is muzzled by puritanism. Many object to the propaganda; they think it crude, false, or unavailing; that is a matter of opinion. I should have written these films very differently myself . . . but if I ever write a propaganda film, I feel sure that other people will find my point of view equally unpleasing. The only point I want to make is that the cinema can propagandize among people whom lectures, pamphlets and even newspapers never reach. By hanging propaganda on the neck of "heart interest," or combining it with "big human drama," one can force it on the people. I hate "heart interest" and "big human drama," but if I wanted to express a view which I think will benefit the world, I should feel entitled to use these ploys.

On the other hand, no sound opinion of the film can be arrived at unless we recognize that the medium has certain limitations. So have all art mediums. Its limitations are due to its recent origin. The cinema became a practical proposition in 1896, twenty-five years ago. But the film is not twenty-five years old; practically, it is about fifteen. The high-brows venture to judge and to dismiss a form of art that has only fifteen years behind it. To compare it with the drama (about twenty-five hundred years old), with painting and its five thousand years! This is enough to make one weep. The high-brows cry out because on the film a happy ending is fitted to "The Mill on the Floss." They cry "Vandalism!" Yes, of course, it is vandalism, but plenty of vandals covered seventeenth century linen pattern oak panels with Victorian plaster. One does not need much imagination to understand that the first people to take up the film

The Movies in Movement

were traveling showmen, who saw that it would beat the camera obscura and the magic lantern. The film collected all the crude, uneducated people. Naturally, they produced crude, uneducated work; their idea of humor was to make a man sit on the butter: so he sat on the butter.

What is wonderful is not that the cinema should be so bad, but that it should be so good, that with a swiftness so incredible a dozen great firms should already have developed so much good taste and such an artistic conscience. Twenty-five years! What does the high-brow think painting was like twenty-five years after the first Renaissance picture? Does the high-brow realize what the average novel was like in 1860, when most novels were written by distressed gentlemen for ladies' maids? When we consider the level of drama under the Restoration, we are not so sure that the drama is going ahead. When we consider the film of 1905, and the film of 1921, if we are honest, we must be amazed.

The limitation of crude management is being overcome, but we must consider another limitation, namely, the difficulty, due to wordlessness, of rendering subtle emotions upon the film. To an extent, I agree. This is partly due to the fact that, until recently, up to the boom in the filming of novels, the scenarios were very bad. A number of rough incidents were slung together, and creation was left to the cineplayer. But I am ready to recognize that, beyond a certain limit, words are required, which means that a certain range of emotion lies beyond the power of the cinema. That is not against it; no dancer can express by a twirl a wish to be told whether you gave her a Christmas present because you thought that she was going to give you a Christmas present. One can dance the Henry James type of idea, and one can film it. But need one? Is it necessary to put "Hamlet" on the film? Is it not better to recognize that the film can do certain things, and to do them as well as we can, leaving the more complex emotions to the theater for which they are suited? Incidentally, there has been a great increase of subtlety in the ideas thrown upon the screen. The cineplayers are still "registering" fear, anger, adoration, by means of the simplest grimaces, but the modern film is no longer content with these elementary passions. Doubt, hesitation have entered the field; the speed of rotation is being reduced; there is less jumping from scene to scene; there is more consecutive action. All of which means that emotions of greater delicacy are being translated.

Lastly, there is the apparent limitation that all the acting must be broad. It must, of course, be fairly broad, because it appeals to an audience, most of whom understand only the broad. I wonder whether the high-brows realize that during the war, thousands of soldiers arrived in London, who, until then, had never

ridden on a railway. But they soon learnt, and it is one of my points that the mental demands of mankind rise very swiftly. The countryman begins by being amazed by a tramway; after a fortnight he grumbles at the slow speed of an omnibus. Likewise, he begins by imposing upon the film this limitation that everybody must jump about, shoot, climb, die for the sake of the girl, but by degrees he tires of those simple things and acquires interest in problems, in poverty, ambition, etc. While realizing that I may be contradicted, I will assert that bad stuff does not necessarily make a taste for bad stuff; as regards the demand for art, the production of bad stuff often creates a demand for good stuff.

(Concluded Next Month)

Glimpses of Japanese Gardens

(Continued from page 72)

China and of the formal gardens in the West. Over the island the sacred deer roam at their will and the cranes fish in the sand at ebb tide. No aspect of Myajima, tho, not even the solemn Torii, remains in the memory so distinctly as the quaint row of old stone lanterns extending out from the Shrine on a spit of land. At the time of the annual festival they light up the July night like ghostly visitors among the gnarled pines.

Just as we have gone to the Japanese temple gardens for counsel and for example, so the Japanese themselves have carried a bit of the sacred precincts into the courtyards of their homes and wherever they have planted the outposts of empire. I recall the view from my window in the little Japanese hotel in Mukden, Manchuria, with its dwarfed trees, its cunningly placed rocks and pools, like nothing so much as a miniature model at an exposition. Sometimes, however, these snapshots of gardens are unusually beautiful, and the architect of today has proved it possible to unite that beauty with the practical changes which modern ways have brought into the Japanese home. To the American traveler accustomed to utility unadorned they are a challenge from an old world which has carried over its honorable antiquity into a new time.

MY LOVE IS AWAY

By Iona Mae Sweet

My Love is away on a quest of gold
Down a vagrant, winding highway—
Searching to ravish the sun's treasure-
hold,
And the secret of flow'rs in the byway.

O dear dark Love, with the hopes that
dare
Strive to touch Life's finger-tips—
Don't you see the gold tangled in my hair
And the pomegranate bloom of my lips?



-for the Sudden Hurt

Little injuries if neglected too often lead to great trouble, and an open wound is easily infected. After the wound has been thoroughly cleansed Resinol Ointment is what you want to hasten the healing. It is perfectly pure and harmless. It will neither sting nor irritate no matter how bruised and broken the flesh may be. Carry Resinol with you for the sudden hurt.

Resinol Ointment and its aid Resinol Soap are sold by all druggists.

Resinol

BERT LUBIN

presents

ALLENE RAY

A 1920 FAME & FORTUNE

CONTEST WINNER

in a series of modern features

NOW SHOWING:

"Honeymoon Ranch"

FOR EARLY RELEASE

"West of the Rio Grande"

Ask Your Theatre Manager
to Book Them!

BERT LUBIN

1476 BROADWAY NEW YORK



Good-bye to Gray Hair!

Here's the way to stop it

This way is easy, quick and sure, and it works a transformation. You simply comb a clear, colorless liquid through your hair—in from 4 to 5 days the gray disappears and the natural color returns. This colorless liquid is the triumph of modern science, which has produced a true restorer.
Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer
We prove the truth of these statements with a trial bottle, sent free if you fill out and mail in the coupon. Full directions and a special application comb come with it. Try it on a single lock—then get a full sized bottle from your druggist or direct from us. Don't accept imitations.

Mary T. Goldman, 279 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer—no obligation on my part by returning this free order.
I have _____ hair—
black—let black—dark brown—
medium brown—light brown—
Name _____ Street _____
Town _____ Co. _____ State _____

SCREEN SNAPSHOTS



A Weekly Trip
"Back-Stage"
Thru Filmland

Here is a chance to
see How Your Fa-
vorite Star Looks,
Acts and Dresses

Watch Photoplays
in the Making

"The Greatest Sin-
gle Reel in Film-
land"

Ask to Have It
Shown at YOUR
Theater

Produced in co-operation
with the Brewster
Publications, Inc.
by
SCREEN SNAPSHOTS,
Inc.
1600 Broadway,
New York

To prepare for the Screen or Stage

Get in touch with the

NEW YORK SCHOOL

OF

DRAMATIC EXPRESSION

134 Montague St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Every branch of the acting art taught by competent teachers, including facial expression which is so necessary to those who aspire to a screen career. We cannot teach our course by mail. References, Eugene V. Brewster, President Brewster Publications, Inc.

Terms \$100 for a course of 20 lessons.

Miss Effie Palmer, Principal, 134 Montague Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.



Wrinkles

Thousands have successfully used this formula to remove traces of age, illness or worry: 1 oz. of pure

**Powdered
SAXOLITE**

dissolved in ½ pint with hazel; use as a face wash. The effect is almost magical. Deepest wrinkles, crow's feet as well as finest lines, completely and quickly vanish. Face becomes firm, smooth, fresh, and you look years younger. No harm to tender skin. Get genuine Saxolite (powdered) at any drug store.



Remy De Gourmont: Civilization's Epilogue

(Continued from page 55)

in his unarithmetical grin. His mental slungshot is filled with the pebbles of a corrosive wit and his eye gleams satyr-wise at the furniture of earth and heaven and choirs visible and invisible.

He knows he quibbles, he knows he jokes, he knows he contradicts himself perpetually; but so does Life. In his pages irony lurks behind irony, doubt impinges on doubt, and this God of Enormous Contradictions, this philosophic merry-andrew, this fantastic mystic, laughingly burrows his way to the core of things—which is only the rind enclosing another core. And he alone keeps wassail over his own graves.

Remy de Gourmont was at once a hermit-philosopher and a seraphic sensualist, glorifying the flesh while he plays the surgeon to it. When we think of philosophers we think of heads—heads magical with dreams, heads poisoned with venom, heads that hold the secret of serenity, heads frenzied with the Absolute, heads ironic, heads lascivious, heads anarchic, and heads that carry about in them withered worlds and the parched and yellowed skins of their youthful ideals—like Amiel.

Remy de Gourmont, philosopher and sensualist, carried about in his microcosm all of these heads. He was an intellectual voluptuary. His paramours are Ideas. All his stories and essays are secret diaries. For philosophy is nothing more than the diary of a bias, the autobiography of a prolonged impulse.

The stories of De Gourmont are atmospheric. They are etched on a glamour. There is no wakefulness in his pages. His style is a sort of euthanasia of the pen. The commonest objects are sublimated to something other than themselves. Persons and things are glozed with a vaporous fatality and the emerald gleam of death is everywhere. The Décadence is here revealed in all its naked glory. Personages there are none in these stories. There are symbols of rare images, and the stories told are as improbable and as mythical as the tale of life itself at the lattermost day.

His "Epilogues"—little conversations on questions of the day—are the subtlest and most disdainfully ironic things of their kind; his "Physiologie de l'Amour" is implacable; his "Sixtine" is a vast spiritual "movie"; his "Letters of a Satyr" are written with a tiny invisible diamond; his "Litanies of the Rose" are aromatic poisons; his "Philosophic Promenades" are fascinating studies in the decomposition of ideas; his "A Night in the Luxembourg" is the golden book of faith and doubt, of Christ become Spinoza, Epicurus—and De Gourmont. His "Book of Masques" in which he analyzes the sensibilities of the French writers of his day, will last longer than the writings of most of them. They are psychical silhouettes—a greater picture of the age than Bourget's studies in contemporaneous psychology, as great as those books are.

I must brag a little. Almost his last work was a translation of my own "Paternoster: 1914" for his department in the *Mercur de France*, with a long introduction to my "blasphemous prayer" by himself, followed by an article from his pen in *La France* on some of my other work. I felt as tho I had been crowned.

Ever and anon there come into the world men who will be stayed by no answer—a Sextus Empiricus, a Montaigne, a Remy de Gourmont. They are implacable, dreamers *à rebours*. They stand atop the barricades of ancient and modern thought—barricades made up of the sweepings and debris of all affirmatives. They affirm nothing, they deny nothing. They menace. They are the night-riders of the intellectual world, the hangmen of all the safely housed. With rack and screw they seek to torture the truth out of that old hussy, Isis. And, like Goya's skeleton, she screams her Nada into the night while the grand inquisitors are at work.

If Leconte de Lisle was the Chesterfield of Nihilism, Remy de Gourmont was its Torquemada.

New York Theater Clubs

(Continued from page 71)

members are a feature of the club.

The National Vaudeville Artists' Club came into being when E. F. Albee, head of the Keith circuit of vaudeville theaters, began a campaign to bring about an era of good will in vaudeville by organizing the artists on one side and the managers on the other into mutually helpful bodies, treating the interests of both sides as identical, providing the machinery for arbitrating differences, discussing improvements and reforms and putting them into effective operation. The vaudeville artists responded with eagerness and enthusiasm. Mr. Albee gave the artists the aid and encouragement they required, and the result was that they

organized the National Vaudeville Artists, Inc.

This body now numbers 12,000 and possesses one of the best equipped club-houses in New York. The building, at 229 West Forty-sixth Street, has more than a hundred daintily decorated bedrooms and suites, a splendid theater and ballroom, smart restaurants, a big billiard and pool-room, dressing-rooms, music-room, writing-rooms, a luxurious lounge, sun parlors, a pleasant mezzanine and other features that make a complete club. Its kitchen has been pronounced the most scientifically modern in New York, while its chef formerly presided over the cooking at Sherry's.

Reflections of a Gentle Cynic

(Continued from page 43)

an animal till the end of time. It cries, bleats, barks, mews and chirps when it is hungry and is quiet when its hunger is stilled. But with man, oh, there it's different. Man has fantastic needs and strange appetites and, when the supply of necessary things has assuaged one hunger, then comes another, a greater, a wilder, an untamable hunger that cries for the superfluous.

THE GENTLEMAN:

But this wilder hunger ought to be tamed and repressed.

THE LADY:

But not at all, not by any means. Just the contrary—one should trust this hunger blindly and instinctively, because it is this hunger alone that shows us the path to all the precious and beautiful and desirable things in life. We hunger for an imperishable beauty greater and more alluring than the one that answers merely to the immediate urgencies of life, and therefore we create art. We crave a wisdom that is deeper and more full of meaning and more harmonious than the cleverness necessary for our daily intercourse, and so we stumble upon philosophy. We long for a love that is instinct with greater tenderness and pity and understanding than the poor passion that fills our heart, and so at last we find in the vacuous heavens God and his burning heart. Where should we be—in what aesthetic, in what intellectual, in what spiritual darkness—if we had never desired the superfluous? It is as I said the only necessary thing in the world.

THE GENTLEMAN:

And the superfluous hat—

THE LADY:

Is, of course, for that very reason, the one without which I absolutely can not do. Did I not make this clear to you? Don't you agree?

THE GENTLEMAN:

Do I not always agree, if you wish it so? I would only that you were quite as amenable to my ideas as I am to yours and that you decided, at last, to agree with me, especially on a certain point. You do not know—you do not know how much I need you—how necessary you are to me—

THE LADY:

But dont, dont! How can you say such a thing. Necessary! Have I not just now explained to you that all necessary things are superfluous? And what can be more netting to a woman than to feel herself superfluous? . . .

And with an amused laugh of sheer feminine malice she leaves the Gentleman to enter with one of the saleswomen into a serious discussion on moleskin-coats, trying on innumerable models, while the Gentleman wanders melancholically up and down, feeling himself entirely superfluous without knowing in the least how necessary, how very necessary indeed, he is in the life of his Lady.



The new phase of Art by the eminent American Artist

ALBERT ARTHUR ALLEN

The first edition of Alo Studies, published in book form, just off the press. Printed in an edition de luxe, with thirty-two full-page illustrations and forepiece in elaborate color plates.

This little volume represents the complete collection of the celebrated Alo Studies. In these compositions the purity and charm of the nude has been blended amid the luxuriant settings of nature, imparting a divine expression of beauty. Thirty-two master pieces by one master mind.

Art paper in gold - \$1.00 postpaid

Cloth in gold - - 2.00 postpaid

Leather in gold - - 4.00 postpaid

ALLEN ART STUDIOS

:-: VISIT OUR GALLERIES :-:

4123-4129 BROADWAY

OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

CrèmeVouvé SKIN AND COMPLEXION.
It beautifies the skin. Contains no harmful ingredients. Send 25c for a trial jar to
Vouvé Co., 118 East 28th Street, New York, Room 203.



Learn to Dance

You can learn Fox-Trot, One-Step, Two-Step, Waltz and latest "up-to-the-minute" society dances in your own home by the wonderful Peak System of Mail Instruction.

New Diagram Method. Easily learned; no music needed. Thousands taught successfully; success absolutely guaranteed.

Write for Special Terms. Send today for FREE information and complimentary live offer.
WILLIAM CHANDLER PEAK, M.B.
Room 220 437 Broadway, Chicago, Ill.

Dialects, Monologs, Musical Readings, Plays, Yanderella Acts, How to Stage a Play, Drills, Pageants, Make-up Goods, Tableaux, Jokes, Folk Dances, Entertainments, Acrobatics, Performances, Musical Material, Speakers, Commencement Material full of New Lines and Plans, Catalog Free.
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY Department 35 Chicago, Ill.

Copy this Sketch

and let me see what you can do with it. Study newspaper artists earning \$50.00 to \$200.00 or more per week were trained by my personal instruction. Lessons by mail. **Ladies Picture Chart**—make original drawings easy to learn. Send sketch with fee in stamps for sample Picture Chart. Long list of successful students, and evidence of what YOU can accomplish. Please state your age.



The Land School Cleveland, Ohio

SEND NO MONEY

Simply send your name and receive one of these superb gems.



No. 9
\$4⁵⁰

Ladies Solitaire

If you were to purchase rings like these illustrated here, in Platinum, they would cost from \$400 to \$500. You can now buy exact reproductions in Ladies' Sterling Silver, platinum finish, basket setting, pierced design.

We've been manufacturing jewelry since 1896, and we've never seen the like of these Gems before. A wonderful discovery—only an expert can distinguish between them. But it besides a diamond—stands all tests—fire, acid and file. Write today, giving size of finger and number of ring. Pay on arrival or save 3 per cent. by sending cash with order. If not satisfied, in 5 days return for money refund. You will be astonished at the brilliant appearance and remarkable value. Ask for a catalogue of the wonderful "Geria Gems."

GERIA GEM CO.



No. 21 \$9.50—Ladies' Cluster Ring (21 Genuine Geria Gems)

E 113 Point Street



No. 16
\$5⁵⁰

Ladies Solitaire

gem, set with a carat also Genuine "Geria Gem" imported from France, perfectly cut, wonderfully fine color, possessing the rainbow fire of a diamond, for less than half the price you would have to pay in a retail jewelry store.

Providence, R. I.

"From Farm to Fame"

The well-known ugly duckling becomes the well-known swan once more.

Fun with the Famous and Fortunate!

We will guarantee this: something new under the sun.

The funniest thing in the world is the making of a moving picture comedy. The finished product is not always so entertaining. But, in "From Farm to Fame," a two-reel comedy, now being filmed at Roslyn, L. I., in connection with the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest, we let you in on the actual making itself.

The Cinema Offers a Joke On Itself!

Miss Corliss Palmer plays the lead. A naturally beautiful girl, she yet permits herself to appear absurd and impossibly freakish in the early scenes, only to have her beauty and charm unfold itself later for your enjoyment. The male lead is a clever caricature, and the rest of the large cast, who figure in "From Farm to Fame," are for the most part Honor Roll members of the now-famous contests.

Its wit is original, its humor genuine, and its human appeal irresistible.

Ask your exhibitor to book it, so that you may see it at your favorite theater.

Laugh With It And At It!

Date of release to be announced later. For further information concerning "From Farm to Fame," address,

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS,
Incorporated
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

An Appeal to George M. Cohan

(Continued from page 40)

which followed the Civil War. It was only gradually that the presence of the female in tights in these entertainments came to be the chief feature in them in certain theaters, and the term "burlesque" gradually to be applied to the musical variety show which resulted.

Burlesque in the true sense, however, did not cease after the orgy of it which followed the Civil War had spent its force. It simply resumed its normal place as a fractional part of our theatrical fare, altho considerably modified by the changed styles, so that it came to include much more music than of old, became mixed, as it were, with the rising form of musical comedy. We of the present generation are prone to forget, in fact, the rather close relations between musical comedy and burlesque. The famous Offenbach operas are, in reality, musical burlesques generally of classical themes. There is a strong burlesque element in Gilbert and Sullivan. We talk now of Gilbert's "satire," but it was rather satirical burlesque in origin. "Ruddigore," for example, is as frankly a burlesque of melodrama as G. M. Cohan's "The Tavern."

During the last quarter of the nineteenth century, in addition to the numerous performers in burlesque and such famous productions as "Adonis" and "Evangeline," New York saw two resident companies established to furnish intimate musical fun, the earlier being the theater of Harrigan and Hart, the later that of Weber and Fields. Harrigan and Hart, of course, did not, strictly speaking, present burlesque. Their musical skits were at times almost genre farces of Bowery types. Nevertheless, the element of exaggerated humor, of spontaneous wit, of an intimate, friendly relation between players and public, so that one had almost to be a New Yorker to be in on the fun, was never absent. Weber and Fields, of course, always divided their entertainments into two parts; first, a merry musical skit, like our musical comedies, and then an out-and-out burlesque of some current play.

The relations between players and public at Weber and Fields was peculiarly close, in part due to the small size of the music hall, in part to the natural wit of the actors themselves. Most of them were quite capable of interpolating a joke on any occasion, and Pete Dailey used actually to make up new verses to his songs as he went along, so that even his fellow players hardly knew what would happen when he came on the stage. On an opening night, when every person in the house was intimately acquainted with the ins and outs of Broadway, there was almost as much said from the stage impromptu as was written in the author's script.

And Weber and Fields had artists

around them! Run over the list—David Warfield, De Wolf Hopper, Willie Collier, William Hodge, Peter Dailey, Charles J. Ross, Lillian Russell, Fay Templeton, Marie Dressler—these are a few. David Warfield was one of the best actors of burlesque our stage has ever known, and so was Fay Templeton, who could take off a fellow actress till you wept for weariness of laughter. Often the other actors would, on an opening night, be sitting in a box, which added to the joy of the audience.

Well, Weber and Fields is no more. There is nothing at all like it in New York. The "Follies" cannot remotely take its place; their appeal is quite different. As I said, G. M. Cohan is the only man we have who could reorganize successfully such a theater.

A few years ago he wrote and staged a spring "review," which contained, among other things, a burlesque in rag-time rhythms and rhymed couplets, of "Common Clay," which was screamingly funny and also what every first-rate burlesque should be, a piece of pungent dramatic criticism. In the same review he and Willie Collier disported impromptu quite as Pete Dailey used to do, and thru the whole review ran the spirit of intimacy between stage and audience, the atmosphere of a kind of fun-making which implied a common bond between players and audience.

Cohan knows his Broadway, and Broadway knows and likes Cohan. Cohan can also write cleverly and act cleverly and stage effectively this kind of entertainment. There are, also, in our theater today two or three other actors well fitted to take part with him—notably Frank Craven, Willie Collier and George Hassell. They are all good actors (as a player of burlesque must be), all popular and all capable of the quick give and take of seemingly impromptu repartee. George Hassell, particularly, seems made by nature to succeed Peter Dailey. Cohan is a rich man now, with a Broadway theater of his own. He could do worse for himself and far, far worse for us, than if he set up a resident company in this theater to play musical skits and pungent burlesques from his facile and clever pen, in the old spirit of warm intimacy and friendliness which characterize Weber and Fields.

Along with much visual beauty in our current musical comedies, goes something perilously close to intellectual inanity. The long tradition of American burlesque, as practised in New York City, and of such local musical comedy companies as the Harrigan and Hart troupe, impresses one quite as much with its pungent, if often rough, wit and point, as with its mere fooling. Broughnan's historical burlesque on Columbus almost touches tragic pathos. Fox's

(Continued on page 80)

The Virtue of Vice

(Continued from page 23)

rived about ten moments before his scene, and informed me that he had been held up some half-dozen times by callous policemen who strongly objected to the tail-light being out on his car.

However, he very kindly invited me to chat with him at two o'clock on the following Thursday, before the matinee, and I went back somewhat comforted to my orchestra seat. Thursday arrived, "Sorry to have kept you waiting," Mr. Blinn said, "come right in." And sweeping a miscellaneous array of head-gear, gaudy looking sashes, etc., from a chair, he invited me to sit down. He looked somewhat worried. I asked him if anything was going wrong. "Yes," he replied. "I am somewhat nervous, because I fear that the audience will have to be turned away. You see, one of the men in the cast is very ill, and as he has quite an important part, it will be impossible to go on without him. However, we have a physician with him now, and he hopes that the man will be able to go on with his part. I don't know what will happen. The only thing we can do is to wait and keep the curtain down as long as possible.

I murmured my concern, and suggested the interview to be postponed. "No indeed, if you don't mind a slight absent-mindedness, and my being somewhat distraught, I would rather we got it over with. Sometimes," he smiled while the twinkle in his eye looked positively wicked, "interviews are necessary evils."

"Well," I inquired, "what do you think of Pancho Lopez's philosophy of life?" "As his interpreter, I quite agree with him. I think his doctrine of killing off men, when they become an unnecessary evil, quite a practical one. That is, for Pancho Lopez," he added with a graceful deprecatory gesture of his intelligent-looking hands. "Of course, as Holbrook Blinn, actor, stage-manager, writer, etc., and above all, farmer, I don't think that I would have the courage of Lopez's convictions."

"Stage-manager and director," I asked. "To say nothing of the farmer! Why, what do you mean?"

"Of course, I have been stage-manager and director," he said. "You must remember that I have been on the stage for some ten or twelve years. During that period I have played every conceivable kind of a part. I remember," he smiled whimsically, "the first part I played when a youth in my teens. It was that of an old man, staggering under a mighty weight of years, and slowly tottering to the grave. I had to wear a white beard, and my make-up was so heavy that it took hours to get it off. I have always preferred character parts," he said. "That is why I am so fond of Lopez. During the entire span of my stage experience, two or three parts stand out in memory. As my part of the king in 'Moliere' last year. My method of

working is somewhat unusual, I fancy," he continued. "You see, just to keep my art fresh, and to avoid becoming known as a 'type' I always change from one kind of a part to another."

The twinkle mocked at me, and I smiled in response. The blue eyes looked rather unusual in the dark brown of his face, and as he stood up to arrange the gaily colored bolero atop the still more gaily colored silk shirt, I wondered—and understood—his uncanny ability to make a virtue of vice."

The Expectant Lilyan

(Continued from page 28)

J. Montgomery Flagg, C. Dana Gibson, and Penrhyn Stanlaws judge the most dazzling representative of the fair sex. Miss Tashman was instantaneously awarded the Golden Apple.

For a blonde, she has very sound views; for a beauty, unselfish ones. She believes that what a girl needs in the Ziegfeld chorus, more than brains and looks, is courage—to break away. One becomes settled there; one's salary is raised; everything is congenial; and then, one doesn't care to leave and go in search of something else. That's all right for those who are satisfied; Lilyan did no less than aspire towards David Belasco!

Then, one day, as suddenly as the *tête-à-tête* in Martin's, the producer sent for her. Lilyan was told to walk about the room. Avery Hopwood was asked if she would do for his play, "The Gold Diggers." Then Mr. Belasco said, "Go downstairs and see about your contract."

Lilyan is keenly aware of her good fortune, but I don't think she attributes it to herself. In fact, I don't think she thinks about herself, but does everything spontaneously, wholeheartedly, and genuinely, and has faith that results will turn out all right. She is not introspective as much as *expectative*. It is that childish hope and trust that has prevented her, with all her exhortative publicity, from becoming blasé.

The Contest Moves On

(Continued from page 64)

being cast for another big five-reel feature production.

The second prize in the 1920 Contest went to Allene Ray. Miss Ray also played in "Ramon the Sailor," and has since played in feature films for Burt Lubin, and has now signed up with him to play the lead in six Western comedy dramas.

Mary Astor, who was one of the four gold medal winners, has a five-year contract with Lasky Famous Players, and Helen Dewitt, another, has worked for Metro. The other two gold medalists are Beth Logan and Erminie Gagnon.

We have now working in conjunction with us "The Sunday Times" of New Brunswick, New Jersey.

SHADOWLAND

Parisian La-Shade

FOR PRETTY BROWS

Parisian La-Shade, a new preparation for improving Madame's eyebrows and lashes. Its distinct individuality lends charm that bewitches eyes and enraptures. Exclusively perfected.

The purpose of Parisian La-Shade is to promote the growth and enhance the richness of the eyebrows and eyelashes. It is a delicate, pleasant, and absolutely beautiful. Two sizes, 50c and \$1.00.

With each \$1.00 order will include a small box of Parisian Rouge and petite package of Parisian Soap.

Send no money now. Your order will be shipped on receipt of your order.

Your dealer guaranteed.

Macon Smythe Co., Parisian La-Shade, 110 W. 4th St., New York, N. Y.



Bring Out the Hidden Beauty

Beneath the soiled, discolored, faded or aged complexion is one fair to look upon. Merciolized Wax gradually, gently absorbs the dermalized surface skin, revealing the young, fresh, beautiful skin underneath. Have you tried it? It cures all complexion troubles of true naturalness. Merciolized Wax. One ounce package. With directions for use, sold by all druggists.

PIANO JAZZ

By Note or Ear. With or without music. Short Course. Adult beginners taught by mail. No teacher required. Self-Instruction Course for Advanced Pianists. Learn 47 styles of Jazz, 180 Syncopated Effects, Blues, Harmony, Oriental, Chinese, Motif and Cafe Jazz, Tack Rollings, Glover Breaks, Space Fillers, Star Steps, Triple Bass, Wicked Harmony, Rime Obligato, and 247 other Subjects, including Ear Training. 119 songs of RIALA Jazz, 25,000 words. A postal brings you FREE Special Offer.

249 Superior Theatre Bldg. Los Angeles, Calif.

THE PHOTOPLAYRIGHT'S PRIMER

By L. C. Russell

Do you think you can write "big good" stories as you see on the screen? You can write them 100 per cent better. Master the technique of photoplay writing so simply presented in this little book that a child can understand it. Send 50 cents in stamps.

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, Inc. 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles. An Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these loathsome spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from any druggist and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.



ROOT THE ROOT WITH ZEP

and permanently cures your unsightly hair. Simple to use, rapid and effective. Hairless and painless. No burning chemicals. No electricity. Used by the best Beauty Specialists. Avoid imitations. At your dealer or direct by mail. Call for free Demonstration. Write today for

FREE BOOK

Mme. Berthe, Specialist, 330, 12 W. 40th St., New York

"Miss Mitzi"

(Continued from page 36)

look pensive. No. It was because she was thinking of her eight-months-old husband. That is to say, he had been her husband for eight months. Eight months that night.

But again I said, "The Outline' . . . ?" "Oh!" Mitzi laughed. "You see, my husband is reading 'The Outline of History'. Almost always he is reading it. And he assures me that I am Mongolian. What do you know of that! Me, Mongolian! He says that the 'Outline' clearly proves that the Austrians are directly descended from the Mongols . . . and there I am. It has sort of upset me, but it has afforded him great amusement."

"Well," I said, with a sort of somber pedantic pride, "since, from that same 'Outline' we all, more or less, must admit to the same pulchritudinous ancestor I wouldn't let a little differentiation of species later on in the evolution of man worry you. . . ."

Mitzi waived her two small and clever hands. "Oooof!" she exclaimed; "you've been reading it, too! How too terrible! You all talk just alike, you who are reading it. I'm so glad I cant understand what it is all about, or I might begin to talk about it too."

"Well," said I, comfortably certain that I had been erudite if platitudinous; "let's talk about the stage. All your family on it?"

"Oh, no, no!" Mitzi rolled her eyes, chameleon eyes under silken arched brows. "None of my family has ever thought of the stage. They took my dramatic yearnings rather badly, I think, all except my father. My mother and sisters have never, I think, been back of the asbestos. I must just have been born that way, by accident. I have always loved the stage. Since I was four."

"Why musical comedy?"

"Oh . . . I danced. And then my voice. It happened to me like that."

"Going to stick to it?"

"No, not for always. I dont think so. Hst . . . listen . . . I'm going to try pictures and I am scared to death. I've had many offers but this is the first year my contract has been so that I could manage to do both. But oh my, I am afraid!"

"Why?"

"I dont know. It is so different. There is so big money and so little audience. I shall miss them so, the people out there. . . ."

Mitzi blew a kiss to the "people out there."

"The men, I suppose," I said, with sweet innuendo.

Mitzi widened her blue eyes and shook her high-coiffed copper head.

"The men? No. The women are my greatest following. That surprises you? But it is so. My staunchest following are women. For women are always the staunch ones, I believe. They stay, once they come. I love most of all to play to

women and the letters I received from them would amaze you. (She showed me one or two specimens.) It is first of all because of myself and then because of the women who believe in what I give them that I keep away from the risqué and the suggestive in my plays. One of the dearest tributes I have had was made by two elderly, exceedingly conservative women leaving my theater one matinee day. 'Well,' said one dear old soul to another; 'Mitzi is the only actress I have ever seen that I should care to know personally.' Isn't that adorable?"

Mitzi is.

And she's just as adorable as her husband's wife, proud as Punch of being that, delightfully in love; and as the chataine of their home, ("Not a grand place, just a home"), in Gedney Farms.

And some day she'll make the drama come true, too. For back of her wiles there is wisdom and, back of the comedy, there is common-sense. And, back of all the mirth and madness, there is Mitzi.

An Appeal to George M. Cohan

(Continued from page 78)

burlesque of "Hamlet" so wonderfully hit off the personal styles of Booth and Fichter and other tragic actors that Booth himself regarded it as a piece of extraordinary art. If for nothing else, the Weber and Fields company was notable for its lessons in the sheer art of acting. But the wit of those old Weber and Fields skits, the way they fell upon the topics of the very hour and extracted pungent fun from them, was mentally exhilarating—not as Shaw is exhilarating, of course, but in a hearty, rib-ticking way. Exactly so, a G. M. Cohan burlesque, when he consents to write one, stands up head and shoulders above any musical comedy "libretto" we get nowadays, just as his acting in one stands up above the mere clowning of the average musical comedy "comedian."

If Mr. Cohan wishes to follow his career as a producer of plays, let him do so for half of the year. But let him, for a part of the winter, at least, give us a company and a burlesque which can revive once more in New York this delightful form of entertainment, at once so sophisticated, so local in its appeal, so mentally stimulating, and, on the other hand, so broad and honest and hearty in its mirth. If he will get Frank Craven and George Hassell to help him, we will rise and call him blessed.

Lines o' Beauty

(Continued from page 70)

not pay. Spend a few cents more and get one that will survive at least a half dozen dressings. Fasten with invisible hairpins.

It seems a bit inconsequent to speak of right living in connection with care of the hair. But try fresh air, exercise, plenty of sleep; add to your daily diet a cup of hot water before breakfast, plenty of fruit and vegetables, fresh eggs and milk. Right living is beauty's first aid!

Personal attention and authentic information is assured readers of SHADOWLAND who write us on topics of interest to them. Send a self-addressed stamped envelope to The Rambler, SHADOWLAND, 175 Dufield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

My Lady Fashion

(Continued from page 63)

the kind achieved by the clever placing of a few folds. Fabrics are more beautiful than ever before, and the straight-line frock offers a wonderful opportunity for displaying beautiful material.

An exception to the rule of simplicity as applied to the more practical frocks was noticeable in the taffeta gowns worn by the models. While taffeta is ranked among practical materials, it lends itself naturally to ruffles, puffs and frills. There was one of black taffeta which was particularly interesting. Its entire skirt was a series of ruffles about six inches in width. Each of these was finished with puffs of unhemmed taffeta. The long-waisted, tightly fitting bodice buttoned in a straight line down the back. The neck was high in the back, cut square in front. There was a turn-back collar of sand-colored silk crepe. The sleeves were cut flaring, reached to the elbows and were lined with silk like the collar. She wore a large flaring hat of black with a draped band of sand-colored silk ending in a scarf. The whole effect was a picturesque demonstration of simplicity.

Another model wore a straight frock of dark blue taffeta with a pleated section attached to a deep yoke. The sleeves were cut in one with the yoke and ended at the elbow with pleats to match the dress. Around the hips and tied in a big bow at one side was a wide sash having two panels attached to it and falling slightly longer than the frock on either side.

A practical little street dress, straight, slim, very much in the mode, was of serge and had a trimming in the form of highly glazed black braid on the sleeves and skirt and strips of dark blue and dark red on the collar.

A gray suit had a rather long and semi-fitted coat that was slit at the sides and lined with a light Spring shade of blue. The skirt was narrow and without trimming, an ideal type of Spring suit for the conservative and smart dresser.

Other Spring suit coats were little box, straight-line affairs, with all the quaintness in the world. There were short capes, too, both for everyday, for sport and for evening wear.

Spring fabrics for practical wear are Cheruit twill, rep, serge, tricotine, stock-inette, a light-weight duvetyn. And

(Continued on page 81)

My Lady Fashion

(Continued from page 80)

while, in the main, frocks for all occasions seemed soberly colored, yet in the under dresses, sashes, linings, embroideries and in the many and varied uses of ribbons was a cleverly designed insistence of color that was refreshingly Springlike.

The hats seemed to be drooping, always drooping. If they were large, they had but little trimming, arrangements of flowers, grapes or feathers dotted the brim or faced them—but they drooped. If they were medium size, they drooped also. Even the small hats drooped their trimming off the side, letting it hang down to the shoulder line or below.

And next came the silk show—an exhibition of all the silk manufacturers in all the world, of all the patterns, of all the colors of all the silk that ever was made—without which a fashion show would be as nothing. There are no words with which to describe it. It was like a fairy tale come true. One could only stand and gaze, greedily, but undisturbed. No one said "What can I show you?" No one suggested this or that. When one had reveled in the blaze of color, the glory of fine fabric until the eyes ached and the mind was tired, there were the throngs of people to intrigue. Stately ladies, fine gentlemen with canes and eyeglasses. School girls and boys. Young men who came, we suspect, to gaze upon the many beautiful models who posed in booths as artistically draped and lighted as a John Murray Anderson stage setting.

In the mammoth building known as the Grand Central Palace there is a mezzanine from which one usually looks down into space—but a ceiling of silk was there instead. And below it, the Orient blossomed. Each exhibition with its hundreds of yards of silken fabrics, its smiling models wearing gowns of color and texture almost undreamed of, negligees, hats, evening coats unbelievably fashioned entirely from ribbon—fairly land indeed!

Upstairs were the machines showing how silk was made. And there were the "reeling" girls from Italy, China and Japan. Three countries sitting at work—the red skirts, the gold ear bangles, the close little bodices of Italy, the close collars and long braids of China and the gay kimonos of Japan. They sat close together seemingly oblivious each of the other—yet the work they did was startlingly alike.

It was not so very different in its essentials from the way they did it back in China in 2460 B.C. About that time, it is said, it was discovered that the tiny, sticky thread which came out of the silk cocoon was one long, continuous strand and could be wound into a cord of substance so that it could be used for the weaving of cloth. And so, like a long, continuous thread has silk come down thru the ages. It is a dazzlingly romantic story.



Ann Forrest
beautiful Paramount Player,
uses and highly recommends
"Maybelline" and Maybell
Beauty Aids.

Other Maybelline Beauty Aids
Face Powder \$1.
Beauty Cream \$1.
Vanity Rouge 5¢
Lip Stick 5¢
Depilatory \$1.
Eye-lash and Eye-brow Stimulator 5¢

At Your Dealers or Direct from Us

The Miracle of Maybelline
Makes Every Face More Beautiful
A touch of "MAYBELLINE" to eyebrows and eyelashes works beauty wonders. All the hidden loveliness of your eyes—their brilliancy, depth and expression—is instantly revealed. The difference is remarkable. Even the most tentative actress of the screen and stage considers "MAYBELLINE" indispensable. Beautiful girls and women in all walks of life use it regularly. Slight brown and lashed are made to appear naturally dark, long and luxurious. Remember that "MAYBELLINE" is unlike other preparations. It is harmless, absolutely graceless and delightful to use. No messy rubbing or smearing. Just a touch of the little brush and the instant beautifying results will delight you. Try "MAYBELLINE" once and we know you will use it in the most wonderful beauty aid on the market. One box will last many months. Avoid disappointment by accepting only genuine "MAYBELLINE" in the glass bottles and gold boxes with cream-colored and red labels, one for the lashes and one for bringing the eyebrows to a fine point. Two shades—Brown for Blonds, Grey for Brunettes. Price 75c. At your dealer's or from us prepaid, in plain wrapper. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Sold by package for "MAYBELLE BEAUTY BOOKLET" containing real beauty hints. Maybell Laboratories, 4303-95 Grand Blvd., Chicago

What's What in America

by
EUGENE V. BREWSTER

Editor-in-Chief of
MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC
and
SHADOWLAND

Includes chapters on Christian Science, Osteopathy, Dreams, Phrenology, Stage Tricks and Occultism, and a section on Strikes, Profiteering and the High Cost of Living. Cloth bound, 230 pages, mailed prepaid to any address on receipt of \$1.25.

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, Inc.

175 DUFFIELD ST.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

"I Reduced 33 Pounds in 50 Days Without Discomfort, Drug or Starving"



This is what Dr. Lawton, the originator of Dr. Lawton's Fat Reducer, accomplished. You can do as much, whether 10 or 100 lbs. overweight. Dr. Lawton's Reducer reduces only the superfluous fatty parts. It is a patented vacuum device which gently but firmly grips the flesh and eliminates the unsightly, fatty tissues by vibration. Not electrical. Does not cause surgery, flesh and skin after it has been reduced. No fasting or exercise is required. It is equally effective for men or women. Ten minutes night and morning will work wonders. Reduces the fat, improves blood circulation and gives you new vigor and vim, mentally and physically. An interesting booklet on this subject sent without charge.

Must Show Reduction in 11 Days or Money Refunded

You take no chances with Dr. Lawton's Reducer. It does the work or money refunded. Regardless of how many called fat reducers you have tried, rely on Dr. Lawton's Reducer to show results. Send \$3 today—money order or certified check. This

is the complete test for the Reducer. Nothing additional to buy. Send today and learn the joy of being normal in weight again. Remember the money-back guarantee.

DR. THOMAS LAWTON

120 B-W, 70th Street

New York City

What "First National Attraction" Means



Katherine MacDonald



Anita Stewart



Constance Talmadge



Wesley Barry



Norman Talmadge



Marguerite Clark



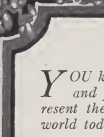
Dorothy Phillips



Mrs. Carter De Haven



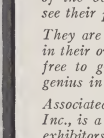
Colleen Moore



Charles Chaplin



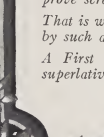
Mr. Carter De Haven



R.R. Walsh



Sidney Franklin



Lionel Barrymore



Miriam Cooper



Pola Negri



Allen Follenberg



John M. Stahl



Marshall Neilan

YOU know every one of these stars and producers, because they represent the best talent in the picture world today.

You know that you are always sure of the best entertainment when you see their productions.

They are independent artists working in their own studios and are therefore free to give full expression to their genius in the making of pictures.

Associated First National Pictures, Inc., is a nation wide organization of exhibitors banded together to foster more artistic productions and to improve screen entertainment.

That is why it presents pictures made by such artists as shown here.

A First National Attraction means superlative pictures.



"I'm Not Going, May!"

I don't enjoy meeting people with this growth of unsightly hair on my face."

ARE YOU denying yourself the pleasures of society because you are sensitive about superfluous hair? Are you brooding and worrying, becoming despondent, lonely and bitter because nature has inflicted you with this beauty destroying blemish?

Do not despair—there is hope for you! Thousands of other women, suffering as you are, have sought and found permanent relief.

Mark the word "permanent."

There are many temporary reliefs. Druggists and mail-order houses have sold for years depilatories which dissolve superfluous hair on the surface of the skin.

Many are practically harmless to use.

But none of them permanently destroys hair, because they do not and cannot kill the hair root.

You may have used some of these preparations. If so, you have found relief but not a cure for your embarrassing blemish. And more annoying still, you have found the growth of hair more sturdy and conspicuous after the effect of each application has worn off. Still we say, do not despair.

There IS a Method That Will Positively Relieve You Permanently

of all unsightly hair by enabling you to kill the hair root, personally and in the privacy of your own home. This is the **MAHLER METHOD**—

The only recognized, established and guaranteed method for the home treatment and lasting removal of superfluous hair.

There is but one means of destroying for all time a growth of superfluous hair. This method has been practiced for over 40 years by dermatologists and specialists in this country and abroad. High prices are charged for such service, and only in a few big

cities can experienced operators be found, even if one is willing and able to pay the price.

Mr. D. J. Mahler has adapted and simplified this recognized successful method so that any woman can now use it in her own home.

The Method Is Endorsed by Physicians

professional dermatologists, national magazine editors and scientists.

It is the one method you must eventually use if you are to rid yourself permanently of superfluous hair.

If you can afford to spend the money to remove your blemish, we advise your coming to Providence to see Mr. Mahler and let him treat you personally, or else place yourself in the hands of a reliable professional nearer home.

But If You Desire to Remove Your Blemish at Small Expense

write at once to the address below and receive full information about the Mahler method of home treatment, which we guarantee to accomplish in your own home, the same results you would get in the office of the world's most exclusive professional practitioners.

The method is painless, harmless and comparatively inexpensive.

Cut out, fill in and mail this coupon today for full particulars for which there is no room here.

D. J. MAHLER CO., 914-YY Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.

Dear Mr. Mahler: Enclosed find 3 two cent stamps. Please send me full information about the Mahler method of permanently removing superfluous hair.

Name

No. Street

City State

**Mail the coupon now for FREE information
Sent you in a plain sealed envelope.**

COLGATE'S

Florient Talc

Flowers of the Orient



FOR the dainty grace of the box—for the unusual and becoming tint of the powder—for the alluring charm of the perfume—and perhaps for all three, Florient, Flowers of the Orient, is preferred by dainty womanhood.

Powdered Perfume, it has been called—fragrant with Florient, which won first place in an International Perfume Contest.

Send 4c in stamps for a dainty trial box.

COLGATE & CO. Dep. 206 199 Fulton Street, New York

Florient is obtainable also in Toilet Soap, Extract, Toilet Water and Face Powder.